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A  
DRAMATIC READER  
BOOK III

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&

H. A. Treble



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# ‘EVERYMAN’ ABANDONED BY HIS GOODS

## CHARACTERS

EVERYMAN      GOODS

EVERYMAN is told by DEATH that he must take a long journey and with him must bring his ‘book of count’. Before God he is to show his ‘many bad deeds and good but a few’. With sighs deep he weeps that he has no manner of company to help him in his journey. First he asks FELLOWSHIP to go with him, who, though ready to accompany him ‘to mirth, solace, and play’, refuses to go ‘that loath journey’ with him. Then, after vainly appealing to KINDRED for help, EVERYMAN bethinks him of his GOODS.

EVERYMAN. I lose my time here longer to abide.  
Yet in my mind a thing there is—  
All my life I have loved riches.  
If that my Goods now help me might  
He would make my heart full light.  
I will speak to him in this distress—  
Where art thou, my Goods and Riches?

GOODS. Who calleth me? Everyman? what hastc  
thou hast.

I lie here in corners, trussed and piled so high,  
And in chests I am locked so fast,  
Also sacked in bags, thou mayst see with thine eye,  
I cannot stir; in packs low I lie.  
What would ye have, lightly me say.

EVERYMAN. Come hither, Goods, in all the haste thou  
may,  
For of counsel I must desire thee.



6 'EVERYMAN' ABANDONED BY HIS GOODS

GOODS. Sir, an ye in the world have trouble or adversity,

That can I help you to remedy shortly.

EVERYMAN. It is another disease that grieveth me ;  
In this world it is not, I tell thee so.

I am sent for, another way to go,

To give a strait count general

Before the highest Jupiter of all ;

And all my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee.

Therefore I pray thee go with me,

For, peradventure, thou mayst before God Almighty

My reckoning help to clean and purify ;

For it is said ever among,<sup>1</sup>

That money maketh all right that is wrong.

GOODS. Nay, Everyman, I sing another song.

I follow no man in such voyages ;

For an I went with thee

Thou shouldst fare much the worse for me ;

For because on me thou did set thy mind,

Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind,

That thine account thou cannot make truly ;

And that hast thou for the love of me.

EVERYMAN. That would grieve me full sore,  
When I should come to that fearful answer.

Up, let us go thither together.

GOODS. Nay, not so, I am too brittle, I may not endure ;  
I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.

EVERYMAN. Alas, I have thee loved, and had great  
pleasure

All my life-days on goods and treasure.

GOODS. That is to thy damnation without lesing,<sup>2</sup>  
For my love is contrary to the love everlasting.  
But if thou had me loved moderately during,  
As to the poor give part of me,

<sup>1</sup> *ever among* : every now and again.

<sup>2</sup> *without lesing* : truly.



Then shouldst thou not in this dolour be,  
Nor in this great sorrow and care.

EVERYMAN. Lo, now was I deceived ere I was ware,  
And all I may wyte<sup>1</sup> my spending of time.

GOODS. What, weenest thou that I am thine?

EVERYMAN. I had wend so.

GOODS. Nay, Everyman, I say no ;  
As for a while I was lent thee,  
A season thou hast had me in prosperity.  
My condition is man’s soul to kill.  
If I save one, a thousand I do spill.  
Weenest thou that I will follow thee ?  
Nay, from this world, not verily.

EVERYMAN. I had wend otherwise.

GOODS. Therefore to thy soul Goods is a thief ;  
For when thou art dead, this is my guise  
Another to deceive in the same wise  
As I have done thee, and all to his soul’s reproof.<sup>2</sup>

EVERYMAN. O false Goods, cursed thou be !  
Thou traitor to God, thou hast deceived me,  
And caught me in thy snare.

GOODS. Marry, thou brought thyself in care,  
Whereof I am glad.  
I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad.

EVERYMAN. Ah, Goods, thou hast had long my heartily  
love.  
I gave thee that which should be the Lord’s above.  
But wilt thou not go with me in deed ?  
I pray thee truth to say.

GOODS. No, so God me speed,  
Therefore farewell, and have good day. (Exit Goods.)

CURTAIN.

<sup>1</sup> wyte : blame. .

<sup>2</sup> reproof : reproof.

# THE PEACE-EGG<sup>1</sup>

## A YORKSHIRE FOLK-PLAY

### CHARACTERS

ST. GEORGE	SLASHER
PRINCE OF PARADINE	DOCTOR
KING OF EGYPT	FOOL
HECTOR	BEELZEBUB

DEVIL DOUBT

### ACT I

*(Enter Actors.)*

FOOL. Room, room, brave gallants, give us room to sport,  
 For to this room we wish now to resort—  
 Resort, and repeat to you our merry rhyme,  
 For remember, good sirs, this is Christmas time ;  
 The time to cut up goose-pies now doth appear,  
 So we are come to act a little of our merry Christmas here.  
 At the sound of the trumpet, and the beat of the drum,  
 Make room, brave gentlemen, and let our actors come.  
 We are the merry actors that traverse the street,  
 We are the merry actors that fight for our meat,  
 We are the merry actors that show pleasant play,  
 Step in, St. George, thou champion, and clear the way.

*(Enter St. George.)*

ST. GEORGE. I am St. George, who from old England  
 sprung,  
 My famous name throughout the world hath rung.  
 Many bloody deeds and wonders have I made known,  
 And made false tyrants tremble on their throne.  
 I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,  
 Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate ;  
 Then I resolved, with true knight-errantry,

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of the Secretary, Clarendon Press.

To burst the door, and set the prisoner free.  
When lo ! a giant almost struck me dead,  
But by my valour I cut off his head.  
I've searched the world all round and round,  
But a man to equal me I've never found.

*(Enter Slasher.)*

SLASHER. I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my  
name,  
With sword and buckler by my side, I hope to win more  
fame,

And for to fight with me I see thou art not able,  
So with my trusty broadsword I soon will thee disable.

ST. GEORGE. Disable, disable ; it lies not in thy power,  
For with my glittering sword and spear I soon will thee  
devour ;

So stand off, Slasher ; let no more be said,  
For if I draw my sword I'm sure to break thy head.

SLASHER. How canst thou break my head, since it is  
made of iron,  
And my body's made of steel,  
My hands and feet of knuckle-bone, I challenge thee to  
feel.

*(They fight, and Slasher is wounded. Exit St. George.)*

*Enter Fool to Slasher.)*

FOOL. Alas ! alas ! my chiefest son is slain,  
What must I do to raise him up again ?  
Here he lies in the presence of you all ;  
I'll lovingly for a doctor call.  
A doctor ! a doctor ! ten pounds for a doctor !  
I'll go and fetch a doctor.

*(Enter Doctor.)*

DOCTOR. Here am I.

FOOL. Are you the doctor ?

DOCTOR. Yes, that you may plainly see by my art and activity.

FOOL. Well, what 's your fee to cure this man ?

DOCTOR. Ten pounds is my fee ;

But, Jack, if thou be an honest man, I'll only take five off thee.

FOOL. (*Aside.*) You'll be wondrous cunning if you get any.

Well, how far have you travelled in doctrineship ?

DOCTOR. From Italy, Titaly, High Germany, France, and Spain,

And now am returned to cure the diseases in old England again.

FOOL. So far and no farther ?

DOCTOR. O, yes ! a good deal farther.

FOOL. How far ?

DOCTOR. From the fireside, cupboard, upstairs, and into bed.

FOOL. What diseases can you cure ?

DOCTOR. All sorts.

FOOL. What 's all sorts ?

DOCTOR. The itch, pitch, the palsy and the gout ;

If a man gets nineteen devils in his skull, I'll cast twenty of them out.

I have in my pocket crutches for lame ducks, spectacles for blind humble bees, packsaddles and panniers for grasshoppers, and plaisters for broken-backed mice. I cured Sir Henry of a nang-nail, almost fifty-five yards long ; surely I can cure this poor man.

Here, Jack, take a little out of my bottle,  
And let it run down thy throttle ;

If thou be not quite slain,

Rise, Jack, and fight again.

(*Slasher rises.*)

SLASHER. Oh, my back !

FOOL. What 's amiss with thy back ?

SLASHER. My back, it is wounded,  
And my heart is confounded ;  
To be struck out of seven senses into fourscore,  
The like was never seen in old England before.

*(Enter St. George)*

O hark ! St. George, I hear the silver trumpet sound,  
That summons us from off this bloody ground ;  
Down yonder is the way.—  
Farewell, St. George, we can no longer stay.

FOOL. Yes, Slasher, thou hadst better go,  
Else next time he'll pierce thee through.

*(Exeunt Slasher, Doctor, and Fool.)*

## ACT II

ST. GEORGE. I am St. George, that noble champion bold,  
And with my trusty sword I won ten thousand pounds in  
gold ;  
'Twas I that fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to  
the slaughter,  
And by those means I won the King of Egypt's daughter.

*(Enter Prince of Paradine.)*

PRINCE. I am Black Prince of Paradine, born of high  
renown,  
Soon will I fetch thy lofty courage down ;  
Before, St. George, thou departest from me,  
Thou shalt die to all eternity.

ST. GEORGE. Stand off, thou black Morocco dog, or by  
my sword thou'lt die ;  
I'll pierce thy body full of holes and make thy buttons fly.

PRINCE. Draw out thy sword and slay,  
Pull out thy purse and pay,  
For I will have a recompence  
Before I go away.

ST. GEORGE. Now, Prince of Paradine, where have you been,  
And what fine sights, pray, have you seen ?  
Dost think that no man of thy age  
Dares such a black as thee engage ?  
Lay down thy sword, take up to me a spear,  
And then I'll fight thee without dread or fear.

*(They fight, and Prince of Paradine is slain.)*

Now Prince of Paradine is dead,  
And all his joys entirely fled.  
Take him and give him to the flies,  
That he may never more come near my eyes.

*(Enter King of Egypt.)*

KING. I am the King of Egypt, as plainly may appear ;  
I'm come to seek my son, my son and only heir.

ST. GEORGE. He is slain.

KING. Slain ! Who did him slay, who did him kill,  
And on the ground his precious blood did spill ?

ST. GEORGE. I did him slay, I did him kill,  
And on the ground his precious blood did spill.  
Please you, my liege, my honour to maintain ;  
Had you been there, you might have fared the same.

KING. Cursed Christian, what is this thou'st done !  
Thou hast ruined me and slain my only son.

ST. GEORGE. He gave me a challenge—why should I it  
deny ?  
How high he was, but see how low he now doth lie.

KING. O Hector ! Hector ! help me with speed,  
For in my life I never stood more in need.

*(Enter Hector.)*

Stand not there, Hector, with sword in hand,  
But fight and kill at my command.

HECTOR. Yes, yes, my liege, I will obey,  
And by my sword I hope to win the day ;  
If that be he who doth stand there,  
That slew my master's son and heir,  
If he be sprung from royal blood,  
I'll make it run like Noah's flood.

ST. GEORGE. Hold ! Hector, do not be so hot,  
For here thou know'st not who thou'st got ;  
For I can tame thee of thy pride,  
And lay thine anger, too, aside.  
Inch thee, and cut thee as small as flies,  
And send thee over the sea to make mince pies ;  
Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,  
I'll send thee to Black Sam before thou art three days old.

HECTOR. How can'st thou tame me of my pride,  
And lay mine anger, too, aside ;  
Inch me, and cut me as small as flies,  
Send me over the sea to make mince pies ;  
Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,  
How can'st thou send me to Black Sam before I'm three  
days old ?

Since my head is made of iron,  
My body 's made of steel,  
My hands and feet of knuckle bone,  
I challenge thee to feel.

*(They fight, and Hector is wounded.)*

I am a valiant knight and Hector is my name,  
Many bloody battles have I fought, and always won the  
same.

But from St. George I received this bloody wound.

*(A trumpet sounds.)*

Hark ! hark ! I hear the silver trumpet sound,  
Down yonder is the way.—

Farewell, St. George, I can no longer stay.

*(Exit Hector ; enter Fool.)*



ST. GEORGE. Here comes from post, old bold Ben.

FOOL. Why, master, did ever I take you to be my friend ?

ST. GEORGE. Why, Jack, did I ever do thee any harm ?

FOOL. Thou proud, saucy coxcomb, begone !

ST. GEORGE. A coxcomb ! I defy that name !

With a sword thou ought to be stabbed for the same.

FOOL. To be stabbed is the least I fear,

Appoint your time and place ; I'll meet you there.

ST. GEORGE. I'll cross the water at the hour of five,  
And meet you there, sir, if I be alive.

*(Exit St. George ; enter Beelzebub.)*

BEELZEBUB. Here come I, Beelzebub,  
And over my shoulders I carry my club,  
And in my hand a dripping pan,  
And I think myself a jolly old man.  
And if you don't believe what I say,  
Enter in, Devil Doubt, and clear the way.

*(Enter Devil Doubt.)*

DEVIL DOUBT. Here come I, little Devil Doubt,  
If you do not give money, I'll sweep you all out.  
Money I want, and money I crave ;  
If you do not give me money, I'll sweep you all to the grave.

*(Exit Devil Doubt.)*

CURTAIN.

## THE JEW OF MALTA

(CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE)

## CHARACTERS

BARABAS, <i>a wealthy Jew</i>	FIRST KNIGHT
FIRST MERCHANT	OFFICER
SECOND MERCHANT	FRIAR JACOMO
FIRST JEW	FRIAR BARNARDINE
SECOND JEW	ABIGAIL
THIRD JEW	ABBESS
FERNEZE, <i>Governor of Malta</i>	NUN

## SCENE

BARABAS, *the wealthy Jew, discovered in his counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.*

(*Enter a Merchant.*)

BARABAS. How now !

MERCHANT. Barabas, thy ships are safe,  
Riding in Malta-road ; and all the merchants  
With other merchandise are safe arriv'd,  
And have sent me to know whether yourself  
Will come and custom them.

BARABAS. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly  
fraught ?

MERCHANT. They are.

BARABAS. Why, then, go bid them come ashore,  
And bring with them their bills of entry :  
I hope our credit in the custom-house  
Will serve as well as I were present there.  
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,  
And twenty waggons, to bring up the ware.  
But art thou master in a ship of mine,  
And is thy credit not enough for that ?

MERCHANT. The very custom barely comes to more  
Than many merchants of the town are worth.

And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

BARABAS. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man :  
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas ?

MERCHANT. I go.

BARABAS. So, then, there 's somewhat come.—  
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of ?

MERCHANT. Of the Speranza, sir.

BARABAS. And saw'st thou not  
Mine argosy at Alexandria ?  
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,  
But at the entry there into the sea,  
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,  
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

MERCHANT. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them :  
But this we heard some of our seamen say,  
They wonder'd how you durst with so much wealth  
Trust such a crazed vessel, and so far.

BARABAS. Tush, they are wise ! I know her and her  
strength.  
But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,  
And bid my factor bring his loading in. (*Exit Merchant.*)

(*Enter a second Merchant.*)

2ND MERCHANT. Thine argosy from Alexandria,  
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta-road,  
Laden with riches, and exceeding store  
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

BARABAS. How chance you came not with those other  
ships  
That sail'd by Egypt ?

2ND MERCHANT. Sir, we saw 'em not.

BARABAS. Belike they coasted round by Candy-shore  
About their oils or other businesses.  
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far  
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2ND MERCHANT. Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,

That never left us till within a league,  
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

BARABAS. O, they were going up to Sicily.  
Well, go,

And bid the merchants and my men dispatch,  
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharg'd.

2ND MERCHANT. I go. *(Exit.)*

BARABAS. Thus trolls our fortune in by land and sea,  
And thus are we on every side enrich'd.

I have no charge, nor many children,  
But one sole daughter, whom I hold so dear,  
And all I have is hers.—But who comes here ?

*(Enter three Jews)*

1ST JEW. Tush, tell not me ; 'twas done of policy.

2ND JEW. Come, therefore, let us go to Barabas ;  
For he can counsel best in these affairs :  
And here he comes.

BARABAS. Why, how now, countrymen !  
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes ?  
What accident's betided to the Jews ?

1ST JEW. A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,  
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road :  
And they this day sit in the council-house  
To entertain them and their embassy.

BARABAS. Why, let 'em come, so they come not to  
war ;

Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors.—  
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all.

So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth. *(Aside.)*

1ST JEW. Were it for confirmation of a league,  
They would not come in war-like manner thus.

2ND JEW. I fear their coming will afflict us all.

BARABAS. Fond men, what dream you of their multitudes ?

What need they treat of peace that are in league ?

The Turks and those of Malta are in league :

Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

1ST JEW. Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

3RD JEW. But there's a meeting in the senate-house,  
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

BARABAS. Hum,—all the Jews in Malta must be there !  
Ay, like enough : why, then, let every man  
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.  
If anything shall there concern our state,  
Assure yourselves I'll look—unto myself. (*Aside.*)

1ST JEW. I know you well.—Well, brethren, let us go.

2ND JEW. Let's take our leaves.—Farewell, good  
Barabas.

BARABAS. Farewell, Zaareth ; farewell, Temainte.

(*Exeunt Jews.*)

And, Barabas, now search this secret out ;  
These silly men mistake the matter clean.  
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute ;  
Which tribute all in policy, I fear,  
The Turks have let increase to such a sum  
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay ;  
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,  
To seize upon the town ; ay, that he seeks.  
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,  
And seek in time to intercept the worst,  
Warily guarding that which I ha' got. (*Exit.*)

[Meanwhile, as representative of the Turks, Selim Calymath has demanded the ten years' tribute that remains unpaid. Ferneze, Governor of Malta, asks for and obtains a month's respite in which to raise the huge sum required.]

(*Enter Barabas and three Jews to Ferneze, Knights, and Officers—the senators of Malta.*)

1ST KNIGHT. Have you determin'd what to say to them ?

FERNEZE. Yes ; give me leave :—and, Hebrews, now come near.

From the Emperor of Turkey is arriv'd  
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,  
To levy of us ten years' tribute past :  
Now, then, here know that it concerneth us.

BARABAS. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,  
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

FERNEZE. Soft, Barabas ! there's more 'longs to't  
than so.

To what this ten years' tribute will amount,  
That we have cast, but cannot compass it  
By reason of the wars, that robb'd our store ;  
And therefore are we to request your aid.

BARABAS. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers !  
And what's our aid against so great a prince ?

1ST KNIGHT. Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier :  
Thou art a merchant and a money'd man,  
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.

BARABAS. How, my lord ! my money !

FERNEZE. Thine and the rest ;  
For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had.

1ST JEW. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor !

FERNEZE. Then let the rich increase your portions.  
Read there the articles of our decrees.

OFFICER. (*Reads.*) First, the tribute-money of the Turks  
shall all be levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to  
pay one half of his estate.

BARABAS. How ! half his estate !—I hope you mean not  
mine. (*Aside.*)

FERNEZE. Read on.



OFFICER. (*Reads.*) Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become a Christian.

BARABAS. How ! a Christian !—Hum,—what 's here to do ? (*Aside.*)

OFFICER. (*Reads.*) Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.

THREE JEWS. O, my lord, we will give half !

BARABAS. O earth-mettled villains, and no Hebrews born !

And will you basely thus submit yourselves  
To leave your goods to their arbitrement ?

FERNEZE. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened ?

BARABAS. No, governor, I will be no convertite.

FERNEZE. Then pay thy half.

BARABAS. Why, know you what you did by this device ?  
Half of my substance is a city's wealth.

Governor, it was not got so easily ;

Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

FERNEZE. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree ;  
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

BARABAS. Stay, stay, I pray you stay : you shall have  
half ;

Let me be us'd but as my brethren are.

FERNEZE. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,  
And now it cannot be recall'd.

(*Exeunt Officers, to seize Barabas' goods.*)

BARABAS. Will you, then, steal my goods ?  
Is theft the ground of your religion ?

FERNEZE. No, Jew ; we take particularly thine,  
To save the ruin of a multitude :  
And better one want for a common good,  
Than many perish for a private man.  
Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,  
But here in Malta, where thou gott'st thy wealth,  
Live still ; and, if thou canst, get more.



BARABAS. Christians, what or how can I multiply ?  
Of naught is nothing made.

1ST KNIGHT. Grave governor, list not to his exclams :  
Convert his mansion to a nunnery ;  
His house will harbour many holy nuns.

FERNEZE. It shall be so. *(Exeunt.)*

[In their simplicity the three Jews try to comfort Barabas for the loss of all his wealth. But the crafty Jew has hidden ' rich costly jewels and stones infinite ' in his house ; and, in order to help her father to regain possession of this wealth—for he may not himself enter the nunnery—Abigail, his daughter, seeks to be admitted as a nun in the nunnery set up in his house.]

*(Abigail and Barabas in hiding. Enter Friar Jacomo, Friar Barnardine, Abbess, and a Nun.)*

FRIAR JACOMO. Sisters,  
We now are almost at the new-made nunnery.

ABBESS. The better ; for we love not to be seen :  
'Tis thirty winters long since some of us  
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.

FRIAR JACOMO. But, madam, this house  
And quarters of this new-made nunnery  
Will much delight you.

ABBESS. It may be so.—But who comes here ?  
*(Abigail comes forward.)*

ABIGAIL. Grave abbess, and you, happy virgins' guide,  
Pity the state of a distressed maid !

ABBESS. What art thou, daughter ?

ABIGAIL. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,  
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,  
Sometime the owner of a goodly house,  
Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery.

ABBESS. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us ?

ABIGAIL. Fearing the afflictions which my father feels

Proceed from sin or want of faith in us,  
I'd pass away my life in penitence,  
And be a novice in your nunnery,  
To make atonement for my labouring soul.

FRIAR JACOMO. No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth  
of the spirit.

FRIAR BARNARDINE. Ay; and of a moving spirit too,  
brother; but come,  
Let us entreat she may be entertain'd.

ABBESS. Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.

ABIGAIL. First let me as a novice learn to frame  
My solitary life to your strait laws,  
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie:  
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts  
And mine own industry, but to profit much.

BARABAS. As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth.

*(Aside.)*

ABBESS. Come, daughter, follow us.

BARABAS. *(Coming forward.)* Why, how now, Abigail!  
What mak'st thou 'mongst these hateful Christians?

FRIAR JACOMO. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,  
For she has mortified herself.

BARABAS. How! mortified!

FRIAR JACOMO. And is admitted to the sisterhood.

BARABAS. Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!  
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?

ABIGAIL. Father, forgive me—

BARABAS. Nay, back, Abigail.

And think upon the jewels and the gold;  
The board is marked thus that covers it.—

*(Aside to Abigail in a whisper.)*

Away, accursed, from thy father's sight!

FRIAR JACOMO. Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,  
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,  
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

BARABAS. Blind, friar, I reckon not thy persuasions,—  
The board is marked thus † that covers it—

*(Aside to Abigail in a whisper.)*

For I had rather die than see her thus.—

Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,

Deluded daughter?—Go, forget not.—

*(Aside to her in a whisper.)*

Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?—

To-morrow early I'll be at the door.—

*(Aside to her in a whisper.)*

No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damn'd,

Forget me, see me not; and so, be gone!—

Farewell; remember to-morrow morning.—

*(Aside to her in a whisper.)*

Out, out, thou wretch!

*(Exit, on one side, Barabas. Exeunt, on the other side, Friars, Abbess, Nun, and Abigail.)*

*(Later, enter Barabas, with a light.)*

BARABAS. O Thou, that with a fiery pillar ledd'st  
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,  
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand  
Of Abigail this night!

*(Enter Abigail above.)*

ABIGAIL. Now have I happily espied a time  
To search the plank my father did appoint;  
And here, behold, unseen, where I have found  
The gold, the pearls, and jewels which he hid.

BARABAS. But ah! what star shines yonder in the east?  
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail—

Who's there?

ABIGAIL. Who's that?

BARABAS. Peace, Abigail! 'tis I.

ABIGAIL. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

BARABAS. Hast thou't?

ABIGAIL. Here. (*Throws down bags.*) Hast thou 't ?  
There 's more, and more, and more.

BARABAS. O my girl,  
My gold, my fortune, my felicity,  
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy ;  
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss !  
O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too !  
Then my desires were full satisfied :  
But I will practise thy enlargement thence.  
O girl ! O gold ! O beauty ! O my bliss ! (*Hugs the bags.*)

ABIGAIL. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,  
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake ;  
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

BARABAS. Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers take  
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

(*Exit Abigail above.*)

Now, Phoebus, ope the eye-lids of the day,  
And, for the raven, wake the morning lark,  
That I may hover with her in the air,  
Singing o'er these, as she does 'o'er her young. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

## DOGBERRY'S CHARGE TO THE WATCH

(SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado About Nothing.*)

### CHARACTERS

DOGBERRY, }	} <i>Constables</i>	FIRST WATCH
VERGES,		SECOND WATCH

### SCENE

*A Street in Messina.*

*Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the WATCH.*

DOGBERRY. Are you good men and true ?

VERGES. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer  
salvation, body and soul.

DOGBERRY. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERGES. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

DOGBERRY. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable ?

1ST WATCH. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole ; for they can write and read.

DOGBERRY. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

2ND WATCH. Both which, master constable——

DOGBERRY. You have ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2ND WATCH. How if 'a will not stand ?

DOGBERRY. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VERGES. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOGBERRY. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2ND WATCH. We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

DOGBERRY. Why, you speak like an ancient and most

quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only, have a care that your bills be not stolen.— Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2ND WATCH. How if they will not ?

DOGBERRY. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2ND WATCH. Well, sir.

DOGBERRY. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man : and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2ND WATCH. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

DOGBERRY. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

VERGES. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOGBERRY. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERGES. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2ND WATCH. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

DOGBERRY. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VERGES. 'Tis very true.

DOGBERRY. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person ; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.



VERGES. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

DOGBERRY. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing : for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

VERGES. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

DOGBERRY. Ha, ah, ha ! Well, masters, good night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels and your own ; and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2ND WATCH. Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

DOGBERRY. Adieu ; be vigilant, I beseech you. (*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*)

CURTAIN.

## DOGBERRY INVESTIGATES A CASE

(SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado About Nothing.*)

### CHARACTERS

DOGBERRY,	} <i>Constables</i>	SEXTON
VERGES,		FIRST WATCH
BORACHIO,	} <i>two prisoners</i>	SECOND WATCH
CONRADE,		

### SCENE

*A Prison.*

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, in gowns ; and the WATCH, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

DOGBERRY. Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

VERGES. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

SEXTON. Which be the malefactors ?

DOGBERRY. Marry, that am I and my partner.



VERGES. Nay, that 's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

SEXTON. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? Let them come before master constable.

DOGBERRY. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend ?

BORACHIO. Borachio.

DOGBERRY. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah ?

CONRADE. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOGBERRY. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God ?

CONRADE. } Yea, sir, we hope.

BORACHIO. }

DOGBERRY. Write down—that they hope they serve God :—and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains !—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

CONRADE. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

DOGBERRY. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah ; a word in your ear : sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORACHIO. Sir, I say to you we are none.

DOGBERRY. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none ?

SEXTON. Master constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOGBERRY. Yea, marry, that 's the effest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1ST WATCH. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOGBERRY. Write down—Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORACHIO. Master constable——

DOGBERRY. Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON. What heard you him say else ?

2ND WATCH. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGBERRY. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

VERGES. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

SEXTON. What else, fellow ?

1ST WATCH. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGBERRY. O villain ! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

SEXTON. What else ?

2ND WATCH. This is all.

SEXTON. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away. Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's ; I will go before, and show him their examination. (*Exit.*)

DOGBERRY. Come, let them be opinioned.

VERGES. Let them be in the hands——

CONRADE. Off, coxcomb !

DOGBERRY. God's my life ! where's the sexton ? Let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet !

CONRADE. Away ! you are an ass, you are an ass.

DOGBERRY. Dost thou not suspect my place ? Dost thou not suspect my years ?—O that he were here to write

me down—an ass !—But, masters, remember that I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow ; and, which is more, an officer ; and, which is more, a householder ; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina ; and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him :—Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass ! (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

## MALVOLIO FALLS INTO A TRAP

(SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*.)

### CHARACTERS

SIR TOBY BELCH

MALVOLIO, *a Steward*

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

MARIA, *a Lady's Maid*

FABIAN, *a Servant*

### SCENE

*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN. Nay, I'll come : if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

FABIAN. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY. To anger him we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue : shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

SIR ANDREW. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain.

(Enter Maria.)

How now, my metal of India !

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk : he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! Lie thou there (*throws down a letter*) ; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. (*Exit.*)

(Enter Malvolio.)

MALVOLIO. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

SIR TOBY. Here 's an overweening rogue !

FABIAN. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he jets under his advanced plumes !

SIR ANDREW. 'S light, I could so beat the rogue !

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio !

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue !

SIR ANDREW. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Peace, peace !

MALVOLIO. There is example for 't ; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW. Fie on him, Jezebel !

FABIAN. O, peace ! now he's deeply in : look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TOBY. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !

MALVOLIO. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown ; having left Olivia sleeping,—

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone !

FABIAN. O, peace, peace !

MALVOLIO. And then to have the humour of state ; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for kinsman Toby,—

SIR TOBY. Bolts and shackles !

FABIAN. O peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while ; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; curtsies there to me,—

SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live ?

FABIAN. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

SIR TOBY. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then ?

MALVOLIO. Saying, ' Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

SIR TOBY. What, what ?

MALVOLIO. ' You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY. Out, scab !

FABIAN. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO. ' Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

SIR ANDREW. That 's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. ' One Sir Andrew,'—

SIR ANDREW. I knew 't was I ; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO. What employment have we here ? (*Taking up the letter.*)

FABIAN. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY. O, peace ! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him !

MALVOLIO. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very C's, her U's and her T's ; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW. Her C's, her U's and her T's ; why that ?

MALVOLIO. (*Reads.*) ' To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes ' :—her very phrases ! By your leave, wax. Soft ! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal : 't is my lady. To whom should this be ?

FABIAN. This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO. (*Reads.*)

Jove knows I love :

But who ?

Lips, do not move ;

No man must know.

' No man must know.' What follows ? the numbers altered !

' No man must know ' ; if this should be thee, Malvolio !

SIR TOBY. Marry, hang thee, brock !

MALVOLIO. (*Reads.*)

I may command where I adore ;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore :

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FABIAN. A fustian riddle !

SIR TOBY. Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO. ' M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN. What dish o' poison has she dressed him !

SIR TOBY. And with what wing the staniel checks at it !

MALVOLIO. ' I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me : I serve her ; she is my lady. Why,



this is evident to any formal capacity ; there is no obstruction in this : and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend ? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly ! M, O, A, I,—

SIR TOBY. O, ay, make up that : he is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO. M,—Malvolio ; M,—why, that begins my name.

FABIAN. Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : A should follow, but O does.

FABIAN. And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O !

MALVOLIO. And then I comes behind.

FABIAN. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO. M, O, A, I ; this simulation is not as the former : and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here follows prose. (*Reads.*) ' If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them ; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity : she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered : I say, remember. Go to, thou art



made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more : this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised ! Here is yet a postscript.

(*Reads.*) 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling ; thy smiles become thee well ; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee : I will smile ; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. (*Exit.*)

FABIAN. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TOBY. I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW. So could I too.

SIR TOBY. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

SIR ANDREW. Nor I neither.

FABIAN. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

(*Re-enter Maria.*)

SIR TOBY. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

SIR ANDREW. Or o' mine either ?

SIR TOBY. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave ?

SIR ANDREW. I' faith, or I either ?

SIR TOBY. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MARIA. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

SIR ANDREW. I'll make one too. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

## MALVOLIO AND THE LADY OLIVIA

(SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*)

### CHARACTERS

SIR TOBY BELCH

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess*

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

MARIA, *maid to Olivia*

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia*

FABIAN, *servant to Olivia*

### SCENE

*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter MARIA to SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

MARIA. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY. And cross-gartered ?

MARIA. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him : he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies : you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him : if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

SIR TOBY. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Olivia and Maria.*)

OLIVIA. Where is Malvolio ? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes :  
Where is Malvolio ?

MARIA. He 's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

OLIVIA. Why, what 's the matter ? does he rave ?

MARIA. No, madam ; he does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come ; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

OLIVIA. Go call him hither. (*Exit Maria.*) I am as mad  
as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.

(*Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.*)

How now, Malvolio !

MALVOLIO. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA. Smilest thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO. Sad, lady ! I could be sad ; this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ; but what of that ? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, ' Please one, and please all '.

OLIVIA. Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter with thee ?

MALVOLIO. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed : I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA. God comfort thee ! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft ?

MARIA. How do you, Malvolio ?

MALVOLIO. At your request ! yes ; nightingales answer daws.

MARIA. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady ?

MALVOLIO. 'Be not afraid of greatness': 't was well writ.

OLIVIA. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio ?

MALVOLIO. 'Some are born great,'—

OLIVIA. Ha !

MALVOLIO. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

OLIVIA. What sayest thou ?

MALVOLIO. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA. Heaven restore thee !

MALVOLIO. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

OLIVIA. Thy yellow stockings !

MALVOLIO. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA. Cross-gartered !

MALVOLIO. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so,'—

OLIVIA. Am I made ?

MALVOLIO. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA. Why, this is very midsummer madness. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby ? Let some of my people have a special care of him : I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. (*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*)

MALVOLIO. O, ho ! do you come near me now ? no

worse man than Sir Toby to look to me ! This concurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him ; for she incites me to that in the letter. ‘ Cast thy humble slough,’ says she ; ‘ be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity’ ; and consequently sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her ; but it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And when she went away now, ‘ Let this fellow be looked to’ : fellow ! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said ? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*(Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.)*

SIR TOBY. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I’ll speak to him.

FABIAN. Here he is, here he is. How is ’t with you, sir ? how is ’t with you, man ?

MALVOLIO. Go off ; I discard you : let me enjoy my private ; go off.

MARIA. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! Did not I tell you ? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

SIR TOBY. Go to, go to ; peace, peace ; we must deal gently with him : let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how is ’t with you ? What, man ! defy the devil : consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO. Do you know what you say ?

MARIA. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart ! Pray God, he be not bewitched ! My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO. How now, mistress !

MARIA. O Lord !

SIR TOBY. Prithee, hold thy peace ; this is not the way : do you not see you move him ? let me alone with him.

FABIAN. No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY. Why, how now, my bawcock ! how dost thou, chuck ?

MALVOLIO. Sir !

SIR TOBY. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man ! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan : hang him, foul collier !

MARIA. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO. My prayers, minx !

MARIA. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO. Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow things : I am not of your element : you shall know more hereafter. (*Exit.*)

SIR TOBY. Is 't possible ?

FABIAN. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MARIA. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

FABIAN. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA. The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and



bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen.

CURTAIN.

## A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FOP

(BEN JONSON, *Every Man Out of His Humour*)

### CHARACTERS

FUNGOSO, *a fop*  
HABERDASHER

TAILOR  
SHOEMAKER

*Enter FUNGOSO in a new suit, followed by his TAILOR, SHOEMAKER, and HABERDASHER.*

FUNGOSO. Gramercy, good shoemaker, I'll put to strings myself. (*Exit Shoemaker.*) Now! sir, let me see, what must you have for this hat?

HABERDASHER. Here's the bill, sir.

FUNGOSO. How does it become me? well?

TAILOR. Excellent, sir, as ever you had any hat in your life.

FUNGOSO. Nay, you'll say so all.

HABERDASHER. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man in this town can serve you, and will maintain fashion as long; never trust me for a groat else.

FUNGOSO. Does it apply well to my suit?

TAILOR. Exceeding well, sir.

FUNGOSO. How lik'st thou my suit, Haberdasher?

HABERDASHER. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell on.

TAILOR. Nay, we have no art to please our friends, we !

FUNGOSO. Here, Haberdasher, tell this same.<sup>1</sup> (*Gives him money.*)

HABERDASHER. Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.

FUNGOSO. Nay, believe me, I think I have as good a body in clothes as another.

TAILOR. You lack points<sup>2</sup> to bring your apparel together, sir.

FUNGOSO. I'll have points anon. How now ! Is 't right ?

HABERDASHER. Faith, sir, 'tis too little ; but upon further hopes—Good morrow to you, sir. (*Exit.*)

FUNGOSO. Farewell, good Haberdasher. Well, now, Master Snip, let me see your bill.

This bill is very reasonable, in faith : hark you, Master Snip—Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnished at this present, as I could wish I were ; but—if you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you shall have all I have, by this hand.

TAILOR. Sir——

FUNGOSO. And but give me credit fōr the rest, till the beginning of the next term.

TAILOR. O, sir——

FUNGOSO. I'll pay you to the utmost, and acknowledge myself very deeply engaged to you by the courtesy.

TAILOR. Why, how much have you there, sir ?

FUNGOSO. I have here four angels,<sup>3</sup> and fifteen shillings of white money : it 's all I have, as I hope to be blest.

<sup>1</sup> *tell this same* : count this money.

<sup>2</sup> *points* : cords for fastening the breeches to the inner garment.

<sup>3</sup> *angels* : gold coins worth ten shillings—so called because they had the figure of the archangel Michael stamped on them.

TAILOR. You will not fail me at the next term with the rest ?

FUNGOSO. No, an I do, pray heaven I be hanged. By this air, and as I am a gentleman, I'll hold.

TAILOR. Well, sir, I'll not stick with any gentleman for a trifle. You know what 'tis remains ?

FUNGOSO. Ay, sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O fate, how happy I am made in this good fortune ! 'Ods so, I have forgot riband for my shoes, and points. What luck 's this ! how shall I do ? Master Snip, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points and ribands. As I am an honest man, I have utterly disfurnished myself, in the default of memory. Pray let me be beholding to you ; it shall come home in the bill, believe me.

TAILOR. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money ; but I'll take up,<sup>1</sup> and send you some by my boy presently. What coloured riband would you have ?

FUNGOSO. What you shall think meet in your judgement, sir, to my suit.

TAILOR. Well, I'll send you some presently.

FUNGOSO. And points too, sir ?

TAILOR. And points too, sir.

FUNGOSO. How shall I study to deserve this kindness of you, sir ! Pray let your youth make haste, for I should have done a business an hour since, that I doubt I shall come too late. (*Exit Tailor.*) Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my suit.

CURTAIN.

<sup>1</sup> *take up* : borrow.

## A RECRUITING SCENE

(GEORGE FARQUHAR, *The Recruiting Officer*)

## CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN PLUME

COSTAR PEARMAIN

SERGEANT KITE

THOMAS APPLETREE

(Captain Plume and his knavish sergeant, Kite, are in Shrewsbury in 1706 in search of 'gentlemen soldiers or others, who have a mind to serve Her Majesty and pull down the French King'. Thomas Appletree and Costar Pearmain are two simple country-men.)

## SCENE

*The Street.*

*Enter KITE, leading COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, both drunk.*

(Kite sings.)

Our prentice Tom may now refuse  
 To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes ;  
 For now he 's free to sing and play,  
 Over the hills and far away,  
 Over the hills, &c.            (*The Mob sing the Chorus.*)

We all shall lead more happy lives,  
 By getting rid of brats and wives,  
 That scold and brawl both night and day ;  
 Over the hills and far away.  
 Over the hills, &c.

Hey, boys ! thus we soldiers live, drink, sing, dance, play ; we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live. We're all princes. Why—why, you're a king, you're an emperor, and I'm a prince. Now, ain't we——

APPLETREE. No, sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

KITE. No !

APPLETREE. No, I'll be a justice of peace.

KITE. A justice of peace, man !

APPLETREE. Aye, wauns will I ; for since this Pressing Act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

KITE. Done ! you're a justice of peace, and you're a king, and I'm a duke ; and a rum duke, an't I ?

PEARMAIN. No, but I'll be no king.

KITE. What then ?

PEARMAIN. I'll be a queen.

KITE. A queen !

PEARMAIN. Aye, Queen of England ; that 's greater than any king of 'em ail.

KITE. Bravely said, faith ! Huzza for the Queen !—*(All huzza.)* But heark'ee, you Mr. Justice, and you Mr. Queen, did you ever see the Queen's picture.

BOTH. No, no.

KITE. I wonder at that, I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like her Majesty, God bless the mark ! *(He takes two broad pieces out of his pocket.)* See here, they're set in gold. *(Gives one to each.)*

APPLETREE. The wonderful works of Nature ! *(Looking at it.)*

PEARMAIN. What 's this written about ? Here 's a posy, I believe,—*Ca-ro-lus*.—What 's that, sergeant ?

KITE. Oh, Carolus !—Why, Carolus is Latin for Queen Anne, that 's all.

PEARMAIN. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard ! Sergeant, will you part with this ? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

KITE. A crown ! Never talk of buying ; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know ; I present them to you both : you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend, when *(singing)* I'm over the hills and far away ! *(They sing and put up the money.)*

(Enter Plume, singing.)

PLUME. *Over the hills, and o'er the main,  
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain ;  
The queen commands, and we'll obey—  
Over the hills and far away.*

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye.—Who are these hearty lads ?

KITE. Off with your hats ; 'ouns, off with your hats ! This is the captain, the captain.

APPLETREE. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

PEARMAIN. Aye, and lieutenant-captains too ; flesh, I'se keep on my nab !

APPLETREE. And I'se scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

PLUME. Who are these jolly lads, sergeant ?

KITE. A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve the Queen : I have entertained them just now as volunteers under your honour's command.

PLUME. And good entertainment they shall have. Volunteers are the men I want, those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals !

PEARMAIN. Wauns, Tummas, what 's this ? Are you listed ?

APPLETREE. Flesh, not I : are you, Costar ?

PEARMAIN. Wauns, not I !

KITE. What, not listed ! Ha, ha, ha ! a very good jest, faith !

PEARMAIN. Come, Tummas, we'll go whome.

APPLETREE. Aye, aye, come.

KITE. Home ! for shame, gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your captain ! Dear Tummas, honest Costar——

APPLETREE. No, no, we'll be gone. (*Going.*)

KITE. Nay, then I command you to stay : I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours to watch the



motion of St. Mary's clock, you ; and you the motion of St. Chad's, and he that dare stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

PLUME. What's the matter, sergeant ? I'm afraid you're too rough with these gentlemen.

KITE. I'm too mild, sir : they disobey command, sir, and one of them should be shot for an example to the other.

PEARMAIN. Shot ! Tummas.

PLUME. Come, gentlemen, what is the matter ?

PEARMAIN. We don't know ; the noble sergeant is pleased to be in a passion, sir, but——

KITE. They disobey command ; they deny their being listed.

APPLETREE. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither ; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot ; but we humbly conceive in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

PLUME. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the Queen's money ?

PEARMAIN. Not a brass farthing, sir.

KITE. Sir, they have each of 'em received three-and-twenty shillings and sixpence, and 'tis now in their pockets.

PEARMAIN. Wauns, if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain !

APPLETREE. And I. Look 'e here, sir.

PEARMAIN. Aye, here 's my stock too : nothing but the Queen's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now.

KITE. See there, a broad-piece ! three-and-twenty shillings and sixpence ; the t'other has the fellow on 't.

PLUME. The case is plain, gentlemen ; the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth three-and-twenty and sixpence each.

PEARMAIN. So it seems that *Carolus* is three-and-twenty shillings and sixpence in Latin.

APPLETREE. 'Tis the same thing in the Greek, for we are listed.

PEARMAIN. Flesh, but we an't, Tummas !—I desire to be carried before the Mayor, Captain. (*While they talk, the Captain and Sergeant whisper.*)

PLUME. 'Twill never do, Kite ; your damned tricks will ruin me at last.—I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this : my sergeant offers here to take his oath that you're fairly listed.

APPLETREE. Why, Captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks ; but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an oath, 'twould be a downright perjury.

PLUME. Look 'e, you rascal ! you villain ! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog ! Come, how was't ?

APPLETREE. Nay, then, we will speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue, begging your worship's pardon, and——

PEARMAIN. Nay, Tummas, let me speak, you know I can read ; and so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the Queen by way of a present.

PLUME. How ! by way of a present ! . . . I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you !—Scoundrel, rogue, villain ! (*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*)

BOTH. O brave noble Captain ! Huzza ! a brave captain, faith !

PEARMAIN. Now, Tummas, *Carolus* is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw. Wauns, I have a month's mind to go with him !

(*Re-enter Plume.*)

PLUME. A dog ! To abuse two such pretty fellows as you ! Look 'e, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow : I come

among you here as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper, to steal slaves.

PEARMAIN. Mind that, Tummas.

PLUME. I desire no man to go with me, but as I went myself: I went a volunteer, as you or you may go; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

APPLETREE. Mind that, Costar; a sweet gentleman.

PLUME. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the Queen's money was in your pockets, my sergeant was ready to take his oath that you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your liberty.

PEARMAIN. Thank you, noble captain.—Ecod, I cannot find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

APPLETREE. Aye, Costar, would he always hold in this mind.

PLUME. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours. What think you now of a purse full of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dashed out his brains with the butt of your firelock, eh?

PEARMAIN. Wauns! I'll have it, Captain—give me a shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the world.

APPLETREE. Nay, dear Costar, duna; be advised.

PLUME. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

APPLETREE. Duna take it; duna, dear Costar! (*Cries and pulls back his arm.*)

PEARMAIN. I wull! I wull! Wauns, my mind gives me, that I shall be a captain myself.—I take your money, sir, and now I'm a gentleman.

PLUME. Give me thy hand—And now you and I will

travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread.  
Bring your friend with you, if you can. (*Aside.*)

PEARMAN. Well, Tummas, must we part ?

APPLETREE. No. Costar, I cannot leave thee.—Come, Captain, (*Crying.*) I'll e'en go along too ; and if you have two honester simpler lads in your company than we twa been—I'll say no more.

PLUME. Here, my lad.—(*Gives him money.*) Now, your name ?

APPLETREE. Tummas Appletree.

PLUME. And yours ?

PEARMAN. Costar Pearmain.

PLUME. Born where ?

APPLETREE. Both in Herefordshire.

PLUME. Very well ; courage, my lads !—Now we'll sing,

*Over the hills and far away.*

*Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten,*

*But we return all gentlemen, &c.*

CURTAIN.

## LIBERTY HALL

(OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer*)

### CHARACTERS

SIR CHARLES MARLOW

TONY LUMPKIN

MR. HASTINGS

LANDLORD of an ale-house

MR. HARDCASTLE

### SCENE I

*Enter LANDLORD to TONY LUMPKIN in an ale-house room.*

LANDLORD. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest ; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

TONY. As sure as can be, one of them must be the

gentleman that 's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners ?

LANDLORD. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

TONY. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*)

(*Tony, solus.*)

TONY. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what ? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

(*Enter Landlord conducting Marlow and Hastings.*)

MARLOW. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it ! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

TONY. No offence, gentlemen ; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in ?

HASTINGS. Not in the least, sir ; but should thank you for information.

TONY. Nor the way you came ?

HASTINGS. No, sir ; but if you can inform us——

TONY. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you, is, that—you have lost your way.

MARLOW. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

TONY. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came ?

MARLOW. That 's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

TONY. No offence ; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hard-

castle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow with an ugly face ; a daughter, and a pretty son ?

HASTINGS. We have not seen the gentleman ; but he has the family you mention.

TONY. The daughter, a tall trapesing, trolloping, talkative May-pole. The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

MARLOW. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful ; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

TONY. He-he-hem ! Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

HASTINGS. Unfortunate !

TONY. It's a long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*winking upon the* Landlord) ; Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh ; you understand me.

LANDLORD. Master Hardcastle's ? Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong ! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

MARLOW. Cross down Squash Lane ?

LANDLORD. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

MARLOW. Come to where four roads meet !

TONY. Ay ; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

MARLOW. Oh, sir, you're facetious.

TONY. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common : there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left,



and then to the right-about again, till you find out the old mill——

MARLOW. Zounds, man ! we could as soon find out the longitude !

HASTINGS. What 's to be done, Marlow ?

MARLOW. This house promises but a poor reception ; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

LANDLORD. Alack ! master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

TONY. And, to my knowledge, that 's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with—three chairs and a bolster ?

HASTINGS. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

MARLOW. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

TONY. You do, do you ? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head ; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county ?

HASTINGS. Oh, ho ! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

LANDLORD. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you ?

TONY. Mum, you fool you ! Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*)—You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road-side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That 's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

HASTINGS. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way.

TONY. No, no. But I tell you, though, the landlord is rich and going to leave off business ; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he ! he ! he ! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod, if you

mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

LANDLORD. A troublesome old blade, to be sure ; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

MARLOW. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say ?

TONY. No, no ; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*)—Mum.

LANDLORD. Ah, you are a sweet, pleasant—mischievous humbug. (*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II

*An old-fashioned House.*

*Enter HARDCASTLE to MARLOW and HASTINGS.*

HARDCASTLE. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow ? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It 's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

MARLOW. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

HARDCASTLE. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

HASTINGS. I fancy, Charles, you're right : the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold..

MARLOW. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

HARDCASTLE. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

MARLOW. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown ?

HARDCASTLE. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

HASTINGS. I think not : brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

HARDCASTLE. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

MARLOW. The girls like finery.

HARDCASTLE. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—' I'll pawn my dukedom,' says he, ' but I'll take that garrison, without spilling a drop of blood.' So——

MARLOW. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime ?

HARDCASTLE. Punch, sir ! (*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

MARLOW. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.

HARDCASTLE. Here 's a cup, sir.

MARLOW. (*Aside.*) So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

HARDCASTLE. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and

I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks.*)

MARLOW. (*Aside.*) A very impudent fellow this! But he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. (*To him.*) Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks.*)

HASTINGS. (*Aside.*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

MARLOW. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country.

HARDCASTLE. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

MARLOW. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

HARDCASTLE. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

MARLOW. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

HASTINGS. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. Here's your health. (*Drinks.*)

HARDCASTLE. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

MARLOW. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What have you got in the house for supper?

HARDCASTLE. For supper, sir! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house?

MARLOW. Yes, sir; supper, sir: I begin to feel an

appetite. I shall make sad work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

HARDCASTLE. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

MARLOW. You do, do you ?

HARDCASTLE. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation, upon what's for supper, this moment in the kitchen.

MARLOW. Then I beg they'll admit *me* as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

HARDCASTLE. Oh, no, sir, none in the least ; yet I don't know how, our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

HASTINGS. Let's see the list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

MARLOW. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

HARDCASTLE. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

HASTINGS. (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes ! His uncle a colonel ! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

MARLOW. (*Perusing.*) What's here ? For the first course ; for the second course ; for the dessert. Sir, do



you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

HASTINGS. But let 's hear it.

MARLOW. (*Reading.*) For the first course at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

HASTINGS. I hate your pig, I say.

MARLOW. And I hate your prune sauce, say I.

HARDCASTLE. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prune sauce, is very good eating.

MARLOW. At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

HASTINGS. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir ; I don't like them.

MARLOW. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

HARDCASTLE. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen ?

MARLOW. Item, a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff-taff-taffety cream !

HASTINGS. Confound your made dishes ! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

HARDCASTLE. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like ; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

MARLOW. Why, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper : and now to see that our beds are aired and properly taken care of.

HARDCASTLE. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.



MARLOW. Leave that to you ? I protest, sir, you must excuse me ; I always look to these things myself.

HARDCASTLE. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

MARLOW. You see I'm resolved on it. (*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

HARDCASTLE. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. (*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*)

## CHARLES SURFACE 'KNOCKS HIS ANCESTORS DOWN'

(R. B. SHERIDAN, *The School for Scandal*)

### CHARACTERS

CHARLES SURFACE  
SIR OLIVER SURFACE

MOSES  
CARELESS

### SCENE

*A Picture Room in CHARLES SURFACE'S House.*

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS.*

CHARLES SURFACE. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

SIR OLIVER. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

CHARLES SURFACE. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting. . . . The merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

SIR OLIVER. Ah ! we shall never see such figures of men again.

CHARLES SURFACE. I hope not. Well, you see, Master

Premium, what a domestic character I am ; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer ; here 's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

CARELESS. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer ; and what 's an auctioneer without his hammer ?

CHARLES SURFACE. Egad, that 's true. What parchment have we here ? Oh, our genealogy in full. (*Taking pedigree down.*) Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here 's the family tree for you, you rogue ! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

SIR OLIVER. What an unnatural rogue !—an *ex post facto* parricide ! (*Aside.*)

CARELESS. Yes, yes, here 's a list of your generation indeed ;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going !

CHARLES SURFACE. Bravo, Careless ! Well, here 's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium ? look at him—there 's a hero ! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid ?

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside to Moses.*) Bid him speak.

MOSES. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

CHARLES SURFACE. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that 's not dear for a staff-officer.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) Heaven deliver me ! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds !—(*Aloud.*) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

CHARLES SURFACE. Careless, knock down my uncle

Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

SIR OLIVER (*Aside.*) Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself!—(*Aloud.*) Five pounds ten—she 's mine.

CHARLES SURFACE. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs.—You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

SIR OLIVER. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

CHARLES SURFACE. Well, take that couple for the same.

MOSES. 'Tis a good bargain.

CHARLES SURFACE. Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

MOSES. Four guineas.

CHARLES SURFACE. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

SIR OLIVER. By all means.

CARELESS. Gone!

CHARLES SURFACE. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and, what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

SIR OLIVER. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

CARELESS. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

CHARLES SURFACE. Here 's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich : take him at eight pounds.

SIR OLIVER. No, no ; six will do for the mayor.

CHARLES SURFACE. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

SIR OLIVER. They're mine.

CHARLES SURFACE. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on 't ! we shall be all day retailing in this manner ; do let us deal wholesale : what say you, little Premium ? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

CARELESS. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

SIR OLIVER. Well, well, anything to accommodate you ; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

CARELESS. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee ?

SIR OLIVER. Yes, sir, I mean that ; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

CHARLES SURFACE. What, that ? Oh ; that 's my uncle Oliver ! 'twas done before he went to India.

CARELESS. Your uncle Oliver ! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw ; an unforgiving eye, and a disinheriting countenance ! an inveterate knave, depend on 't. Don't you think so, little Premium ?

SIR OLIVER. Upon my soul, sir, I do not ; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber ?

CHARLES SURFACE. No, hang it ! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) The rogue 's my nephew after

all!—(*Aloud.*) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

CHARLES SURFACE. I'm sorry for 't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) I forgive him everything!—(*Aloud.*) But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

CHARLES SURFACE. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) How like his father the dog is!—(*Aloud.*) Well, well, I have done.—(*Aside.*) I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance.—(*Aloud.*) Here is a draft for your sum.

CHARLES SURFACE. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

SIR OLIVER. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

CHARLES SURFACE. Zounds! no! I tell you, once more.

SIR OLIVER. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

CHARLES SURFACE. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

SIR OLIVER. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

CHARLES SURFACE. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

SIR OLIVER. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

CHARLES SURFACE. Ay, all but the little nabob.

SIR OLIVER. You're fixed on that?

CHARLES SURFACE. Peremptorily.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) A dear extravagant rogue!—(*Aloud.*) Good day!—Come, Moses.—(*Aside.*) Let me hear now who dares call him profligate! (*Exit with Moses.*)



CARELESS. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with !

CHARLES SURFACE. Egad, he 's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Ha ! here 's Rowley.—Do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

CARELESS. I will—but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense ; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

CHARLES SURFACE. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

CARELESS. Nothing else.

CHARLES SURFACE. Ay, ay, never fear.—(*Exit Careless.*) So ! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see, two-thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven ! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for !—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant. (*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*)

CURTAIN.

## MRS. MALAPROP

(R. B. SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*)

### CHARACTERS

MRS. MALAPROP

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE

LYDIA LANGUISH

*Enter* MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE to LYDIA LANGUISH.

MRS. MALAPROP. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.



LYDIA. Madam, I thought you once——

MRS. MALAPROP. You thought, miss ! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

LYDIA. Ah, madam ! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

MRS. MALAPROP. But I say it is, miss ; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do ; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

SIR ANTHONY. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not !—ay, this comes of her reading !

LYDIA. What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus ?

MRS. MALAPROP. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter ; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid ? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing ?

LYDIA. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

MRS. MALAPROP. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion ? They don't become a young woman ; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made !—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed !—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley ?

LYDIA. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

MRS. MALAPROP. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

LYDIA. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. (*Exit.*)

MRS. MALAPROP. There 's a little intricate hussy for you !

SIR ANTHONY. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven ! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet !

MRS. MALAPROP. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

SIR ANTHONY. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library !—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers !—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress !

MRS. MALAPROP. Those are vile places, indeed !

SIR ANTHONY. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge ! It blossoms through the year !—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

MRS. MALAPROP. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony ! you surely speak laconically.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know ?

MRS. MALAPROP. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning ; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman ; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your

mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts ;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries ;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do ; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know ;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you ; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal ?

MRS. MALAPROP. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

MRS. MALAPROP. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony ; but I hope no objection on his side.

SIR ANTHONY. Objection !—let him object if he dare !—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas ' Jack, do this ' ;—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

MRS. MALAPROP. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience !—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations ;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

SIR ANTHONY. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you ; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand : if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key ; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.  
(*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

## WILLIAM TELL

(JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES)

### CHARACTERS

WILLIAM TELL	SOLDIER
GESLER	VERNER
SARNEM	BURGHERS
ALBERT, <i>Tell's son</i>	WOMEN

### SCENE I

*A Chamber in the Castle of Altorf.*

GESLER. Vengeance ! Dare  
Men talk of that ?

TELL. Ay, and expect it, too.

GESLER. From whence ?

TELL. From Heaven !

GESLER. From Heaven ?

TELL. And from the hands  
Which they lift up to it on every hill  
For justice on thee !

GESLER. Where is thy abode ?

TELL. I told thee—in the mountains.

GESLER. How lies it ?—North or south ?

TELL. Nor north, nor south.

GESLER. Is 't to the east or west, then ?

TELL. Where it lies  
Concerns thee not.

GESLER. It does !

TELL. And if it does,  
Thou shalt not learn.

GESLER. Art married ?

TELL. Married !—yes.

GESLER. And hast a family ?

TELL. A son.

GESLER. A son !  
Sarnem !

SARNEM. My lord, the boy !

(Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and whispering,  
sends him off.)

TELL. The boy !—What boy ?  
Is 't mine ?—and have they netted my young fledgeling ?  
Now Heaven support me, if they have ! He'll own me,  
And share his father's ruin ! But a look  
Would put him on his guard—yet how to give it !

(Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on  
Tell's bow which Sarnem carries.)

ALBERT. (Aside.) Yes ; I was right. It is my father's  
bow.

For there's my father ! I'll not own him, though.

SARNEM. See !

ALBERT. What ?

SARNEM. Look there.

ALBERT. What would you have me see ?

SARNEM. Thy father.

ALBERT. That is not my father, sir.

TELL. My boy—my boy—my own brave boy ! He 's safe ! (*Aside.*)

SARNEM. (*Aside to Gesler.*) They're like each other.

GESLER. Yet I see no sign

Of recognition to betray the tie

That binds a father and his child.

SARNEM. My lord,

I'm sure it is his father. Look at them :

That boy did spring from him ; or never cast

Came from the mould it fitted. It may be

A preconcerted thing, 'gainst such a chance,

That they survey each other coldly thus.

Besides, with those who lead the mountain life,

The passions are not taken by surprise

As ready as with us. They commune still,

From day to day, with nature's wonders ; till

They see her fiercest terrors without awe,

And catch, from her, her stern and solemn look,

That e'en their mirth seems thoughtful.

GESLER. We shall try.

Lead forth the caitiff !

SARNEM. To a dungeon ?

GESLER. No ;

Into the court.

SARNEM. The court, my lord ?

GESLER. And tell

The headsman to make ready. Quick ! He dies !

The slave shall die. You mark'd the boy ?

SARNEM. I did.

He started—'Tis his father.

GESLER. We shall see.

Away with him.



TELL. Stop!—stay!

GESLER. What would you?

TELL. Time—

A little time to call my thoughts together.

GESLER. Thou shalt not have a minute.

TELL. Some one, then,

To speak with.

GESLER. Hence with him!

TELL. A moment, stop:

Let me speak to the boy.

GESLER. Is he thy son?

TELL. And if

He were, art thou so lost to nature as

To send me forth before his face to die?

GESLER. Well, speak with him. Now, Sarnem, mark them well. (Albert goes to Tell.)

(Tell, in the hearing of Gesler, bids Albert remain constant in his refusal to recognize him, and sends his dying farewell to his wife.)

SARNEM. You see, what one suggests, the other acts.

TELL. (Aside.) So well he bears it, I, almost, give way.

My boy, my boy!—O, for the hills!—the hills!

To see him bound along their tops again,

With liberty, so light upon his heel,

That, like the chamois, he flings behind him——

SARNEM. Was there not all the father in that look?

GESLER. Yet 'tis 'gainst nature.

SARNEM. Not if he believes

Owning the boy, the son belike might share

The father's fate.

GESLER. I did not think of that.

I thank thee, Sarnem, for the thought. 'Tis well

The boy is not thy son. He is about

To die along with thee.

TELL. To die! For what?

GESLER. For having braved my power, as thou hast.  
Lead them forth.

TELL. He 's but a child.

GESLER. Away with them.

TELL. Perhaps an only child.

GESLER. No matter.

TELL. He

May have a mother.

GESLER. So the viper hath ;  
And yet who spares it for the mother's sake ?

TELL. I talk to stone ! I talk to it as though  
'Twere flesh, yet know 'tis none. I'll talk to it  
No more. Come, my boy, I taught thee how to live—  
I'll show thee how  
To die——

GESLER. He is thy child !

TELL. (*Bursting into tears, and embracing Albert.*) He is  
my child !

GESLER. I've wrung a tear from him. Thy name ?

TELL. My name ?

It matters not to keep it from thee now :

My name is Tell.

GESLER. What !—William Tell ?

TELL. The same.

GESLER. What ! he so far famed 'bove all his countrymen  
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat ?  
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said  
His arrows never miss ? Indeed—I'll take  
Exquisite vengeance. Mark !—I'll spare thy life,  
Thy boy's, too.—Both of you are free, on one  
Condition.

TELL. Name it.

GESLER. I would see you make  
A trial of your skill with that same bow  
You shoot so well with.

TELL. Please you, name the trial  
You would have me make.

GESLER. You look upon your boy  
As though instinctively you guess'd it.

TELL. Look  
Upon my boy ! You do not mean.?—No ! No !  
You would not have me make a trial of  
My skill upon my child. Impossible !  
I do not guess your meaning.

GESLER. I would see  
Thee hit an apple at the distance of  
A hundred paces.

TELL. Is my boy to hold it ?

GESLER. No.

TELL. No !—I'll send the arrow through the core.

GESLER. It is to rest upon his head.

TELL. O, Nature !  
Thou hear'st him !

GESLER. Thou dost hear the choice I give—  
Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,  
Or death to both of you, not otherwise  
To be escaped.

TELL. Oh, monster !

GESLER. Wilt thou do it ?

ALBERT. He will ! he will !

TELL. Ferocious monster ! Make  
A father murder his own child !

GESLER. Take off  
His chains, if he consents.

TELL. With his own hand !

GESLER. Does he consent ?

ALBERT. He does.

*(Gesler signs to his officers, who take off Tell's chains.  
Tell, all the while unconscious of what they are doing,  
raves against the unnaturalness of the trial.)*

TELL. Here ! Here !—I'll not  
Murder my boy for Gesler.

ALBERT. Father—Father !  
You will not hit me, father.

TELL. Hit thee ! Who 's he  
That bids me do it ? Show him me—the monster !  
I hear he lives—I see it—but it is  
A prodigy that nature can't believe.

GESLER. Dost thou consent ?

TELL. Give me my bow and quiver.

GESLER. For what ?

TELL. To shoot my boy !

ALBERT. No, father, no,  
To save me !—You'll be sure to hit the apple.  
Will you not save me, father ?

TELL. Lead me forth—  
I'll make the trial.

ALBERT. Thank you.

TELL. Thank me !—Do  
You know for what ?—I will not make the trial,  
To take him to his mother in my arms,  
And lay him down a corse before her.

GESLER. Then  
He dies this moment ; and you, certainly,  
Murder the child, whose life you have a chance  
To save, and will not use it.

TELL. Well—I'll do it :  
I'll make the trial.

ALBERT. (*Runs up to Tell and embraces him.*) Father !

TELL. (*Putting Albert behind him.*) Speak not to me !  
Let me not hear thy voice !—Thou must be dumb ;  
And so should all things be—earth should be dumb,  
And Heaven—unless its thunders mutter'd at  
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it ! Give me  
My bow and quiver. (*Tell suddenly stops.*)

We have forgot ! 'Tis dusk.  
Look at that mountain-peak. The sun is down  
To all below—will soon be down to that.  
You wish to see a trial of my skill ;  
You would not have me shoot, without my eyes ?  
'Twere just the same to shoot, without the light.  
The peak, you see, is now gone out. The court 's  
To reach—the ground 's to choose—the distance  
Has to be measured. Then, the boy's to place,  
The mark to be adjusted—where is it ?  
Where is the apple ? Ere all 's ready, 'twill  
Be night. As well expect me, were I dead,  
To draw a bow, as now !—To-morrow, Gesler.

GESLER. Hadst thou not linger'd——

TELL. It were done—I know.

It shall be done to-morrow. Wilt thou grant  
The time ?—'Tis night already.

GESLER. Well, to-morrow.

Take them to separate dungeons.

TELL. To the same.

He 's but a child—he has his part to play—  
I would prepare him for it. It may be  
His last night. Let him spend it with his father.

GESLER. To the same dungeon !

TELL. Now, my child, thy hand !  
(*They go out, severally.*)

## SCENE II

### *Without the Castle*

*Enter, slowly, Burghers and Women, SARNEM, GESLER, TELL, ALBERT, and a Soldier bearing TELL's bow and quiver ; another with a basket of apples.*

GESLER. That is your ground. Now shall they measure,  
thence,

A hundred paces. Take the distance.

TELL.

Is

The line a true one ?

GESLER.

True or not, what is 't

To thee ?

TELL. What is 't to me ? A little thing,  
A very little thing.—A yard or two  
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf  
I shot at. Never mind.

GESLER.

Be thankful, slave,

Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

TELL. I will be thankful, Gesler. Villain, stop !  
You measure to the sun.

GESLER.

And what of that ?

What matter, whether to or from the sun ?

TELL. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine  
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.  
I cannot see to shoot against the sun.

GESLER. Give him his way. Thou hast cause to bless  
my mercy.

TELL. I shall remember it. I'd like to see  
The apple I'm to shoot at.

SOLDIER. (*With the basket of apples.*) Here !

GESLER.

Show me

The basket.—There——

TELL.

You've pick'd the smallest one.

GESLER. I know I have.

TELL.

O, do you ? But you see

The colour on 't is dark—I'd have it light,  
To see it better.

GESLER.

Take it as it is ;

Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

TELL. True, true ! I didn't think of that. I wonder  
I did not think of that.—Give me some chance  
To save my boy. I will not murder him



If I can help it—for the honour of  
The form thou wear'st, if all the heart be gone.

GESLER. Well, choose thyself.

*(Hands a basket of apples. Tell takes one.)*

TELL. Have I a friend among  
The lookers-on ?

VERNER. Here, Tell !

TELL. I thank thee, Verner.  
He is a friend that does not mind a storm  
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.  
When once the bow is drawn, we cannot take  
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be  
The issue of this hour, the common cause  
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun  
Set on the tyrant's banner.—Verner, Verner,  
The boy ! the boy !—Think'st thou he has the courage  
To stand it ?

VERNER. Yes.

TELL. Does he tremble ?

VERNER. No.

TELL. Art sure ?

VERNER. I am.

TELL. How looks he ?

VERNER. Clear and smilingly.  
If you doubt it, look yourself.

TELL. No—no—my friend,  
To hear it is enough.

VERNER. He bears himself  
So much above his years——

TELL. I know, I know.

VERNER. With constancy so modest——

TELL. I was sure  
He would——

VERNER. And looks with such relying love  
And reverence upon you——

TELL. Man! man! man!  
No more. Already I'm too much the father  
To act the man. No more. You take the boy  
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.  
Set him upon his knees—and place the apple  
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me—  
Thus, Verner.—Charge him to keep steady.—Tell him  
I'll hit the apple. Verner, do all this  
More briefly than I tell it thee.

VERNER. Come, Albert.

ALBERT. May I not speak with him before I go?

VERNER. No——

ALBERT. I would only kiss his hand.

VERNER. You must not.

ALBERT. I must.—I cannot go from him without.

VERNER. It is his will you should.

ALBERT. His will, is it?

I am content, then—come.

TELL. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

ALBERT. My father! (*Running into Tell's arms.*)

TELL. If thou canst bear it, should not I?—Go now,  
My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot.—  
Go, boy. Be thou but steady, I shall hit  
The apple. (*Kisses him.*) Go!—God bless thee!—Go!  
My bow! (*Sarnem gives the bow.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou?—Thou  
Hast never fail'd him yet, old servant. No!  
I'm sure of thee. Thou'rt stanch. Come, I will stake  
My all upon thee. Let me see my quiver.

GESLER. Give him a single arrow.

TELL. Do you shoot?

SOLDIER. I do.

TELL. Is 't so you pick an arrow, friend?  
The point, you see, is blunt; the feather jagg'd;  
That 's all the use 'tis fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

GESLER.

Let him have

Another.

TELL. Why, 'tis better than the first,  
But yet not good enough for such an aim  
As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft :  
I'll not shoot with it. (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my  
quiver.

Bring it : 'tis not an arrow in a dozen  
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less  
A dove like that. What is 't you fear ? I'm but  
A naked man, a wretched naked man,  
Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,  
With every one of you a weapon in  
His hand. What can I do in such a strait  
With all the arrows in that quiver ? Come,  
Will you give it me or not ?

GESLER.

It matters not.

Show him the quiver. You're resolved, I see,  
Nothing shall please you.

(*Tell kneels and picks out an arrow, which he hides  
under his vest, and then selects another.*)

TELL.

Am I so ?—That 's strange,

That 's very strange.—Is the boy ready ?

VERNER.

Yes.

TELL. I'm ready too.—Keep silence, every one,  
And stir not for my child's sake. And let me have  
Your prayers—your prayers—and be my witnesses  
That if his life 's in peril from my hand  
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.  
Now, friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless  
And silent.

(*Tell shoots, and a shout of wonder and exultation bursts  
from the crowd. Tell falls on his knees and with  
difficulty supports himself.*)

VERNER. (*Rushing in with Albert.*) Thy boy is safe : no  
hair of him is touch'd.

ALBERT. Father, I'm safe—your Albert's safe. Dear father,  
 Speak to me, speak to me.

VERNER. He cannot, boy.

ALBERT. You grant him life?

GESLER. I do.

ALBERT. And we are free?

GESLER. You are.

ALBERT. Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!

VERNER. Open his vest,  
 And give him air.

*(Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops.  
 Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him  
 to his breast.)*

TELL. My boy! my boy!

GESLER. For what  
 Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave.

TELL. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my son.  
 And now, beware! *(Tell suddenly takes aim at Gesler.)*  
 Stir thou, or any, stir!  
 The shaft is in thy heart!

*(Tell retreats slowly, while Verner removes Albert.  
 Gesler and the rest, following Tell with their eyes,  
 remain in breathless and motionless suspense.)*

SARNEM. He shoots!

GESLER. O! *(Falls dead, transfixed with the arrow.)*

*[The Swiss join Tell, the castle is captured by the burghers  
 of Altorf, and the Austrian oppressors are surrounded.]*

*Tell spares their lives, with a reminder that  
 The country's never lost, that's left a son  
 To struggle with the foe that would enslave her.]*

CURTAIN.

## A SCENE IN TIME OF FAMINE

(CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy*)

## CHARACTERS

ELIZABETH, <i>Landgravine of Thuringia</i>	FOURTH VOICE
COUNT WALTER	OLD MAN'S VOICE
FIRST VOICE	BUTLER
SECOND VOICE	WOMAN'S VOICE
THIRD VOICE	MERCHANT
	PEASANTS

(During the severe famine of 1225, which lasted two years and caused thousands to die of hunger, Elizabeth, Landgravine of Thuringia, during the temporary absence of her husband in Italy, 'swept the treasury out as clean As was the widow's cruse, who fed Elijah', pawned the royal jewels and mortgaged the estates—and 'all for food' for the suffering poor. Her unselfishness and generosity caused her to be known by them as Saint Elizabeth.)

## SCENE

*The gateway of a castle. ELIZABETH and her suite standing at the top of a flight of steps. Mob below.*

PEASANTS. Bread ! Bread ! Bread ! give us bread ; we perish.

1ST VOICE. Ay, give, give, give ! God knows, we're long past earning.

2ND VOICE. Our skeleton children lie along in the roads——

3RD VOICE. Our sheep drop dead about the frozen leas——

4TH VOICE. Our harness and our shoes are boiled for food——

OLD MAN'S VOICE. Starved, withered, autumn hay that thanks the scythe !

Send out your swordsmen, mow the dry bents down,  
And make this long death short—we'll never struggle.

ALL. Bread ! Bread !

ELIZABETH. Ay, bread—Where is it, knights and servants ?

Why, butler, seneschal, this food forthcomes not !

BUTLER. Alas, we've eaten all ourselves : heaven knows  
The pages broke the buttery hatches down—  
The boys were starved almost.

VOICE BELOW. Ay, she can find enough to feast her minions.

WOMAN'S VOICE. How can she know what 'tis, for months and months

To stoop and straddle in the clogging fallows,  
And then at night to fat yourself and child  
On fir-bark, madam, and water ?

ELIZABETH. My good dame—  
That which you bear, I bear ; for food, God knows,  
I have not tasted food this live-long day—  
Nor will till you are served. I sent for wheat  
From Köln and from the Rhine-land, days ago :  
O God ! why comes it not ?

*(Enter from below, Count Walter, with a merchant.)*

WALTER. Stand back ; you'll choke me, rascals ;  
Archers, bring up those mules. Here comes the corn—  
Here comes your guardian-angel, plenty-laden,  
With no white wings, but good white wheat, my boys,  
Quarters on quarters—if you'll pay for it.

ELIZABETH. Oh ! give him all he asks.

WALTER. The scoundrel wants  
Three times its value.

MERCHANT. Not a penny less—  
I bought it on speculation—I must live—  
I get my bread by buying corn that 's cheap,



And selling where 'tis dearest. Ah, you need it,  
And you must pay according to your need.

MOB. Hang him ! hang all regraters<sup>1</sup>—hang the fore-  
stalling dog !

WALTER. Driver, lend here the halter off that mule.

ELIZABETH. Nay, Count ; the corn is his, and his the  
right

To fix conditions for his own.

MERCHANT. Well spoken !

A wise and royal lady ! She will see  
The trade protected. Why, I kept the corn  
Three months on venture. Now, so help me Saints,  
I am a loser by it.

ELIZABETH. You will not sell it  
Save at a price which, by the bill you tender,  
Is far beyond our means. Heaven knows, I grudge  
not—

I have sold my plate, have pawned my robes and jewels,  
Mortgaged broad lands and castles to buy food—  
And now I have no more.—Abate, or trust  
Our honour for the difference.

MERCHANT. Not a penny—  
I trust no nobles. I must make my profit—  
I'll have my price, or take it back again.

ELIZABETH. Most miserable, cold, short-sighted man,  
What ? wilt thou turn from heaven's gate, open to thee  
Through which thy charity may passport be,  
And win thy long greed's pardon ? Oh, for once  
Dare to be great ; show mercy to thyself !  
See how that boiling sea of human heads  
Waits open-mouthed to bless thee : speak the word,  
And their triumphant quire of jubilation  
Shall pierce God's cloudy floor with praise and prayers,

<sup>1</sup> *regraters* : persons who buy up foodstuffs, intending to retail them at a profit.

And drown the accuser's count in angels' ears.

*(In the meantime Walter, &c., have been throwing down the wheat to the mob.)*

MOB. God bless the good Count!—Bless the holy Princess—

Hurrah for wheat—Hurrah for one full stomach.

MERCHANT. Ah! that's my wheat! treason, my wheat, my money!

ELIZABETH. Where is the wretch's wheat?

WALTER. Below, my lady;

We counted on the charm of your sweet words,

And so did for him what, your sermon ended,

He would have done himself.

KNIGHT. 'Twere rude to doubt it.

MERCHANT. Ye rascal barons!

What! Are we burghers monkeys for your pastime?

We'll clear the odds. *(Seizes Walter.)*

WALTER. Soft, friend, a worm will turn.

VOICES BELOW. Throw him down.

WALTER. Dost hear that, friend?

Those pups are keen-toothed; they have eat of late

Worse bacon to their bread than thee. Come, come,

Put up thy knife; we'll give thee market-price—

And if thou must have more, why, take it out

In board and lodging in the castle dungeon.

*(Walter leads him out; the mob, &c., disperse.)*

CURTAIN.

H.M.S. PINAFORE<sup>1</sup>

(SIR W. S. GILBERT)

## CHARACTERS

SIR JOSEPH PORTER, *First Lord of the Admiralty*CAPTAIN CORCORAN, *of H.M.S. Pinafore*RALPH RACKSTRAW, *able seaman*

BOATSWAIN

COUSIN HEBE

## SCENE

*Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore.*

Song.—SIR JOSEPH

When I was a lad I served a term  
 As office boy to an attorney's firm.  
 I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
 And I polished up the handle of the big front door.  
 I polished up that handle so carefuller  
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !  
*Chorus.*—He polished, &c.

As office boy I made such a mark  
 That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.  
 I served the writs with a smile so bland,  
 And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—  
 I copied all the letters in a hand so free,  
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !  
*Chorus.*—He copied, &c.

In serving writs I made such a name  
 That an articulated clerk I soon became ;  
 I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit  
 For the pass examination at the Institute.  
 And that pass examination did so well for me,  
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !  
*Chorus.*—And that pass examination, &c.

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Lady Gilbert.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip  
That they took me into the partnership,  
And that junior partnership, I ween,  
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.

But that kind of ship so suited me,

That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

*Chorus.*—But that kind, &c.

I grew so rich that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament.  
I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

I thought so little, they rewarded me

By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

*Chorus.*—He thought so little, &c.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—

Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,

And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee !

*Chorus.*—Stick close, &c.

SIR JOSEPH. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPTAIN. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Examining a very small midshipman*). A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPTAIN. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPTAIN. Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPTAIN. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. No bullying, I trust—no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPTAIN. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. What, *never*?

CAPTAIN. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Reproving.*) Don't patronize them, sir—pray, don't patronize them.

CAPTAIN. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. That you are their captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

CAPTAIN. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

CAPTAIN. Ralph Rackstraw, come here.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Sternly.*) If what?

CAPTAIN. I beg your pardon——

SIR JOSEPH. If you *please*.

CAPTAIN. Oh yes, of course. If you *please*. (*Ralph steps forward.*)

SIR JOSEPH. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JOSEPH. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH. No, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. That's a pity: all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now, tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

ALL. Hear !

SIR JOSEPH. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer ; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing ?

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPTAIN. Ay, ay, Sir Joseph. Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at one bell.

BOATSWAIN. Beg pardon. If what, your honour ?

CAPTAIN. If what ? I don't think I understand you.

BOATSWAIN. If you *please* ! your honour.

CAPTAIN. What !

SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you *please*.

CAPTAIN. (*Stamping his foot impatiently.*) If you *please*.

SIR JOSEPH. For I hold that on the seas

The expression, ' If you please,'

A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts !

ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts !

(*Exeunt Captain and Sir Joseph into cabin.*)

CURTAIN.



THE MIKADO <sup>1</sup>

(SIR W. S. GILBERT)

## CHARACTERS

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN

NANKI-POO, *his son, in love with Yum-Yum*KO-KO, *Lord High Executioner*POOH-BAH, *Lord High Everything Else*

YUM-YUM        {

PITTI-SING     { *sisters, wards of Ko-Ko*KATISHA, *an elderly Lady, in love with Nanki-Poo*

## SCENE

*Ko-Ko's Garden.**Enter POOH-BAH to KO-KO and NANKI-POO.*

KO-KO. Now then, Lord Mayor, what is it?

POOH-BAH. The Mikado and his suite are approaching the city, and will be here in ten minutes.

KO-KO. The Mikado! He's coming to see whether his orders have been carried out! (*To Nanki-Poo.*) Now, look here, you know—this is getting serious—a bargain's a bargain, and you really mustn't frustrate the ends of justice by committing suicide. As a man of honour and a gentleman, you are bound to die ignominiously by the hands of the Public Executioner.

NANKI-POO. Very well, then—behead me.

KO-KO. What, now?

NANKI-POO. Certainly, at once.

KO-KO. My good sir, I don't go about prepared to execute gentlemen at a moment's notice. Why, I never even killed a blue-bottle!

POOH-BAH. Still, as Lord High Executioner——

KO-KO. My good sir, as Lord High Executioner I've got to behead him in a month. I'm not ready yet. I don't know how it's done. I'm going to take lessons.

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Lady Gilbert.

I mean to begin with a guinea-pig, and work my way through the animal kingdom till I come to a second trombone. Why, you don't suppose that, as a humane man, I'd have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties were purely nominal? I *can't* kill you—I can't kill anything! (*Weeps.*)

NANKI-POO. Come, my poor fellow, your feelings do you credit; but you must nerve yourself to this—you must, indeed. We all have unpleasant duties to discharge at times; and when these duties present themselves we must nerve ourselves to an effort. Come, now—after all, what is it? If I don't mind, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it must be done.

KO-KO. (*Springing up suddenly.*) *Must it?* I'm not so sure about that!

NANKI-POO. What do you mean?

KO-KO. Why should I kill you when making an affidavit that you've been executed will do just as well? Here are plenty of witnesses—the Lord Chief Justice, and Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of State for the Home Department, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Commissioner of Police. They'll all swear to it—won't you? (*To Pooh-Bah.*)

POOH-BAH. Am I to understand that all of us high Officers of State are required to perjure ourselves to ensure your safety?

KO-KO. Why not? You'll be grossly insulted as usual.

POOH-BAH. Will the insult be cash down, or at a date?

KO-KO. It will be a ready-money transaction.

POOH-BAH. (*Aside.*) Well, it will be a useful discipline. (*Aloud.*) Very good. Choose your fiction, and I'll endorse it! (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like *that*, my buck?

NANKI-POO. But I tell you that life without Yum-Yum—

KO-KO. Oh, Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum ! Bother Yum-Yum ! Here, Commissionaire (*to Pooh-Bah*), go and fetch Yum-Yum. (*Exit Pooh-Bah.*) Take Yum-Yum and marry Yum-Yum, only go away and never come back again.

(*Enter Pooh-Bah with Yum-Yum and Pitti-Sing.*)

Here she is. Yum-Yum, are you particularly busy ?

YUM-YUM. Not particularly.

KO-KO. You've five minutes to spare ?

YUM-YUM. Yes.

KO-KO. Then go along with his Grace the Archbishop of Titipu ; he'll marry you at once.

YUM-YUM. But if I'm to be buried alive ?

KO-KO. Now don't ask any questions, but do as I tell you, and Nanki-Poo will explain all.

NANKI-POO. But one moment——

KO-KO. Not for worlds. Here comes the Mikado, no doubt to ascertain whether I've obeyed his decree, and if he finds you alive, I shall have the greatest difficulty in persuading him that I've beheaded you. (*Exeunt Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum, followed by Pooh-Bah.*) Close thing that, for here he comes !

(*March. Enter procession, heralding Mikado, with Katisha.*)

(*Duet. Mikado and Katisha.*)

MIKADO. From every kind of man  
Obedience I expect ;  
I'm the Emperor of Japan.

KATISHA. And I'm his daughter-in-law elect !  
He'll marry his son  
(He has only got one)  
To his daughter-in-law elect.

MIKADO. My morals have been declared  
Particularly correct ;

KATISHA. But they're nothing at all, compared  
 With those of his daughter-in-law elect !

Bow ! Bow !

To his daughter-in-law elect !

ALL.

Bow ! Bow !

To his daughter-in-law elect.

MIKADO. In a fatherly kind of way  
 I govern each tribe and sect,  
 All cheerfully own my sway—

KATISHA. Except his daughter-in-law elect !

As tough as a bone,

With a will of her own,

Is his daughter-in-law elect !

MIKADO. My nature is love and light—  
 My freedom from all defect—

KATISHA. Is insignificant quite,  
 Compared with his daughter-in-law elect !

Bow ! Bow !

To his daughter-in-law elect !

ALL.

Bow ! Bow !

To his daughter-in-law elect.

(*Song. Mikado.*)

A more humane Mikado never

Did in Japan exist,

To nobody second,

I'm certainly reckoned

A true philanthropist.

It is my very humane endeavour

To make, to some extent,

Each evil liver

A running river

Of harmless merriment.

My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time—  
To let the punishment fit the crime—  
The punishment fit the crime ;  
And make each prisoner pent  
Unwillingly represent  
A source of innocent merriment,  
Of innocent merriment !

The advertising quack who wearies  
With tales of countless cures,  
His teeth, I've enacted,  
Shall all be extracted  
By terrified amateurs.  
The music-hall singer attends a series  
Of masses and fugues and ' ops '  
By Bach, interwoven  
With Spohr and Beethoven,  
At classical Monday Pops.

My object all sublime, &c.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,  
His doom's extremely hard—  
He 's made to dwell—  
In a dungeon cell  
On a spot that 's always barred.  
And there he plays extravagant matches  
In fitless finger-stalls,  
On a cloth untrue,  
With a twisted cue,  
And elliptical billiard balls !

My object all sublime, &c.

(*Enter Pooh-Bah, who hands a paper to Ko-Ko.*)

KO-KO. I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your Majesty. I guess the object of your Majesty's visit—your wishes have been attended to. The execution has taken place.

MIKADO. Oh, you've had an execution, have you?

KO-KO. Yes. The Coroner has just handed me his certificate.

POOH-BAH. I am the Coroner. (*Ko-Ko hands certificate to Mikado.*)

MIKADO. (*Reads.*) 'At Titipu, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Groom of the Second Floor Front.'

POOH-BAH. They were all present, your Majesty. I counted them myself.

MIKADO. Very good house. I wish I'd been in time for the performance.

KO-KO. A tough fellow he was, too—a man of gigantic strength. His struggles were terrific. It was really a remarkable scene.

(*Trio. Ko-Ko, Pitti-Sing, and Pooh-Bah.*)

KO-KO. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,

In a state of wild alarm—

With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown

I bared my big right arm.

I seized him by his little pig-tail,

And on his knees fell he,

As he squirmed and struggled

And gurgled and guggled,

I drew my snickersnee!

Oh, never shall I

Forget the cry,



Or the shriek that shrieked he,  
As I gnashed my teeth  
When from its sheath  
I drew my snickersnee !

*Chorus*

We know him well,  
He cannot tell  
Untrue or groundless tales—  
He always tries  
To utter lies,  
And every time he fails.

PITTI-SING. He shivered and shook as he gave the sign  
For the stroke he didn't deserve ;  
When all of a sudden his eye met mine,  
And it seemed to brace his nerve,  
For he nodded his head and kissed his hand,  
And he whistled an air, did he,  
As the sabre true  
Cut cleanly through  
His cervical vertebræ !  
When a man 's afraid,  
A beautiful maid  
Is a cheering sight to see.  
And it 's oh, I'm glad  
That moment sad  
Was soothed by sight of me !

*Chorus*

Her terrible tale  
You can't assail,  
With truth it quite agrees ;  
Her taste exact  
For faultless fact  
Amounts to a disease.

POOH-BAH. Now though you'd have said that head was dead

(For its owner dead was he),

It stood on its neck with a smile well-bred,  
And bowed three times to me !

It was none of your impudent off-hand nods,  
But as humble as could be ;

For it clearly knew

The deference due

To a man of pedigree !

And it 's oh, I vow,

This deathly bow

Was a touching sight to see ;

Though trunkless, yet

It couldn't forget

The deference due to me !

*Chorus*

This haughty youth

He speaks the truth

Whenever he finds it pays,

And in this case

It all took place

Exactly as he says !     (*Exeunt Chorus.*)

MIKADO. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our imperial court.

KO-KO. Indeed ? Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position ?

KATISHA. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him—yet he fled !

POOH-BAH. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely !

KATISHA. That 's not true. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing ; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. But I have a left shoulder blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting-card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world. Observe this ear.

Ko-Ko. Large.

KATISHA. Large ? - Enormous ! But think of it's delicate internal mechanism. It is fraught with beauty ! As for this tooth, it also stands alone. Many have tried to draw it, but in vain.

Ko-Ko. And yet he fled !

MIKADO. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a second trombone.

Ko-Ko, POOH-BAH, and PITTI-SING. (*Together.*) A second trombone !

MIKADO. Yes ; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him ? He goes by the name of Nanki-Poo.

Ko-Ko. Oh no ; not at all—only——

MIKADO. Yes ?

Ko-Ko. It 's rather awkward ; but, in point of fact, he 's gone abroad !

MIKADO. Gone abroad ? His address !

Ko-Ko. Knightsbridge !

KATISHA. (*Who is reading certificate of death.*) Ha !

MIKADO. What 's the matter ?

KATISHA. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this morning ! Oh, where shall I find another ! Where shall I find another ! (Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Pitti-Sing fall on their knees.)

MIKADO. (*Looking at paper.*) Dear, dear, dear ; this

is very tiresome. (*To Ko-Ko.*) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan !

*Together.* { Ko-Ko. But I assure you we had no idea——  
POOH-BAH. But, indeed, we didn't know——  
PITTI-SING. We really hadn't the least  
                  notion——

MIKADO. Of course you hadn't. How could you ? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself—it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a second trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise.*)

KO-KO. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty.

MIKADO. Obligated ? Not a bit. Don't mention it. How could you tell ?

POOH-BAH. No, of course we couldn't know that he was the Heir Apparent.

PITTI-SING. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

KO-KO. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

MIKADO. Ha ! ha ! ha ! (*To Katisha.*) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

KO-KO, POOH-BAH, and PITTI-SING. (*Together.*) Punishment ! (*They drop down on their knees again.*)

MIKADO. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret—I'm not a bit angry.

KO-KO. (*In abject terror.*) If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea——

MIKADO. Of course you hadn't. That's the pathetic

part of it. Unfortunately the fool of an Act says 'compassing the death of the Heir Apparent'. There's not a word about a mistake, or not knowing, or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these Acts are drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

KO-KO. What's the good of that?

MIKADO. Now, let's see—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

KO-KO, PITTI-SING, and POOH-BAH. Oh yes—we can wait till then!

MIKADO. Then we'll make it after luncheon. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances. (*Exeunt Mikado and Katisha.*)

KO-KO. Well! a nice mess you've got us into, with your nodding head and the deference due to a man of pedigree!

POOH-BAH. Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative.

PITTI-SING. Corroborative detail indeed! Corroborative fiddlestick!

KO-KO. And you're just as bad as he is, with your cock-and-a-bull stories about catching his eye, and his whistling an air. But that's so like you! You must put in your oar!

POOH-BAH. But how about your big right arm?

PITTI-SING. Yes, and your snickersnee!

KO-KO. Well, well, never mind that now. There's only one thing to be done. Nanki-Poo hasn't started yet—he must come to life again at once.

(*Enter Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum prepared for journey.*)

Here he comes. Here, Nanki-Poo, I've good news for you—you're reprieved.

NANKI-POO. Oh, but it's too late. I'm a dead man, and I'm off for my honeymoon.

KO-KO. Nonsense. A terrible thing has just happened. It seems you're the son of the Mikado.

NANKI-POO. Yes ; but that happened some time ago.

KO-KO. Is this a time for airy persiflage ? Your father is here, and with Katisha.

NANKI-POO. My father ! And with Katisha !

KO-KO. Yes ; he wants you particularly.

POOH-BAH. So does she.

YUM-YUM. Oh, but he's married now.

KO-KO. But, bless my heart, what has that to do with it ?

NANKI-POO. Katisha claims me in marriage, but I can't marry her because I'm married already—consequently she will insist on my execution, and if I'm executed, my wife will have to be buried alive.

YUM-YUM. You see our difficulty.

KO-KO. Yes. I don't know what's to be done.

NANKI-POO. There's one chance for you. If you could only persuade Katisha to marry you, she would have no further claim on me, and in that case I could come to life without any fear of being put to death.

KO-KO. I marry Katisha !

YUM-YUM. I really think it's the only course.

KO-KO. But, my good girl, have you seen her ? She's something appalling !

PITTI-SING. Ah, that's only her face. She has a left elbow which people come miles to see !

POOH-BAH. I am told that her right heel is much admired by connoisseurs.

KO-KO. My good sir, I decline to pin my heart on any lady's right heel.

NANKI-POO. It comes to this : while Katisha is single, I prefer to be a disembodied spirit. When Katisha is married, existence will be as welcome as the flowers in spring.



(*Duet. Nanki-Poo and Ko-Ko.*)

NANKI-POO. The flowers that bloom in the Spring,

Tra la,

Breathe promise of merry sunshine—

As we merrily dance and we sing,

Tra la,

We welcome the hope that they bring,

Tra la,

Of a summer of roses and wine ;

And that 's what we mean when we say that a thing

Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.

Tra la la la la la, &c.

ALL. And that 's what we mean, &c.

KO-KO. The flowers that bloom in the spring,

Tra la,

Have nothing to do with the case,

I've got to take under my wing,

Tra la,

A most unattractive old thing,

Tra la,

With a caricature of a face ;

And that 's what I mean when I say, or I sing,

' Oh bother the flowers that bloom in the spring !

Tra la la la la la, &c.

ALL. And that 's what he means when he ventures to  
sing, &c. (*Dance and Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN<sup>1</sup>

(LORD DUNSANY)

## CHARACTERS

AGMAR	} <i>Beggars posing as gods</i>	ILLANAUN
SLAG		OORANDER
MLAN		AKMOS
OOGNO		A FRIGHTENED MAN
THAHN		CITIZENS
ULF		DROMEDARY MEN
THIEF		

NOTE.—Agmar, an old and wise beggar, has come to a certain city of the East where he has carried out a wonderful scheme by which he and his servant, with five other beggars, persuade the people of the city to consider them as their gods. The gods of this people are seven figures carved out of green jade, which sit on the mountain overlooking the road to Marma. The beggars are treated as the people would treat gods who might come among them.

## SCENE

*The East.*

*Seven thrones shaped like mountain-crag stand along the back of the stage. On these the BEGGARS are lounging. The THIEF is absent.*

MLAN. Never had beggars such a time.

OOGNO. Ah, the fruits and tender lamb !

THAHN. The Woldery wine !

SLAG. It was better to see my master's wise devices than to have fruit and lamb and Woldery wine.

MLAN. Ah ! When they spied on him to see if he would eat when they went away !

OOGNO. When they questioned him concerning the gods and Man !

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Lord Dunsany.

SLAG. Ah ! My wise master !

MLAN. How well his scheme has succeeded !

OOGNO. How far away is hunger !

THAHN. It is even like to one of last year's dreams, the trouble of a brief night long ago.

MLAN. Ho ! ho ! ho ! to see them pray to us !

AGMAR. (*Sternly.*) When we were beggars, did we not speak as beggars ? Did we not whine as they ?

MLAN. We were the pride of our calling.

AGMAR. (*Sternly.*) Then, now that we are gods, let us be as gods and not mock our worshippers !

ULF. I think the gods *do* mock their worshippers.

AGMAR. The gods have never mocked *us*. We are above all pinnacles that we have ever gazed at in dreams.

ULF. I think that when man is high then most of all are the gods wont to mock him.

(*Enter Thief.*)

THIEF. Master, I have been with those that see all and know all ; I have been with the thieves, Master. They know me for one of the craft, but they do not know me as being one of us.

AGMAR. Well ? Well ?

THIEF. There is danger, Master, there is great danger.

AGMAR. You mean that they suspect that we are men ?

THIEF. That they have long done, Master. I mean that they will know it. Then we are lost.

AGMAR. Then they do not know it ?

THIEF. They do not know it yet, but they will know it, and we are lost.

AGMAR. When will they know it ?

THIEF. Three days ago they suspected us.

AGMAR. More than you think suspected us, but have any dared to say so ?

THIEF. No, Master.

AGMAR. Then forget your fears, my thief.

THIEF. Two men went on dromedaries three days ago to see if the gods were still at Marma.

AGMAR. They went to Marma !

THIEF. Yes, three days ago.

OOGNO. We are lost.

AGMAR. They went three days ago ?

THIEF. Yes, on dromedaries.

AGMAR. They should be back to-day.

OOGNO. We are lost.

THAHN. We are lost.

THIEF. They must have seen the green jade idols sitting against the mountains. They will say : ' The gods are still at Marma.' And we shall be burnt.

SLAG. My master will yet devise a plan.

AGMAR. (*To the Thief.*) Slip away to some high place and look towards the desert and see how long we have to devise a plan.

SLAG. My master will devise a plan.

OOGNO. He has taken us into a trap.

THAHN. His wisdom is our doom.

SLAG. He will find a wise plan yet.

(*Re-enter Thief.*)

THIEF. It is too late.

AGMAR. It is too late ?

THIEF. The dromedary men are here.

OOGNO. We are lost.

AGMAR. Be silent ! I must think.

(*They all sit still. Citizens enter and prostrate themselves. Agmar sits deep in thought.*)

ILLANAUN. (*To Agmar.*) Two holy pilgrims have gone to your sacred shrines, wherein you were wont to sit before you left the mountains. (*Agmar says nothing.*) They return even now.

AGMAR. They left us here and went to find the gods ? A fish once took a journey into a far country to find the sea.

ILLANAUN. Most reverend deity, their piety is so great that they have gone to worship even your shrines.

AGMAR. I know these men that have great piety. Such men have often prayed to me before, but their prayers are not acceptable. They little love the gods ; their only care is their piety. I know these pious ones. They will say that the seven gods were still at Marma. So shall they seem more pious to you all, pretending that they alone have seen the gods. Fools shall believe them and share in their damnation.

OORANDER. (*To Illanaun.*) Hush ! You anger the gods.

ILLANAUN. I am not sure whom I anger.

OORANDER. It may be they are the gods.

ILLANAUN. Where are these men from Marma ?

CITIZEN. Here are the dromedary men ; they are coming now.

ILLANAUN. (*To Agmar.*) The holy pilgrims from your shrine are come to worship you.

AGMAR. The men are doubters. How the gods hate the word ! Let them be cast into prison and not besmirch your purity. (*Rising.*) Let them not enter here.

ILLANAUN. But, O most reverend Deity from the mountain, we also doubt, most reverend Deity.

AGMAR. You have chosen. You have chosen. And yet it is not too late. Repent and cast these men in prison, and it may not be too late. Be quick. Repent of your doubt.

(*Enter the Dromedary Men.*)

ILLANAUN. Most reverend Deity, it is a mighty doubt.

CITIZENS. *Nothing has killed him ! They are not the gods !*

SLAG. (*To Agmar.*) You have a plan, my Master ? You have a plan ?

AGMAR. Not yet, Slag.

ILLANAUN. (*To Oorander.*) These are the men that went to the shrines at Marma.

OORANDER. (*In a loud, clear voice.*) Were the gods of the mountain seated still at Marma, or were they not there ?

(*The Beggars get up hurriedly from their thrones.*)

DROMEDARY MAN. They were not there.

ILLANAUN. They were not there ?

DROMEDARY MAN. Their shrines were empty.

OORANDER. Behold the gods of the mountain !

AKMOS. They have indeed come from Marma !

OORANDER. Come. Let us go away to prepare a sacrifice. A mighty sacrifice to atone for our doubting. (*Exeunt.*)

SLAG. My most wise Master !

AGMAR. No, no, Slag ; I do not know what has befallen. When I went by Marma only two weeks ago the idols of green jade were still seated there.

OOGNO. We are saved now.

THAHN. Aye, we are saved.

AGMAR. We are saved, but I know not how.

OOGNO. *Never* had beggars such a time !

THIEF. I will go out and watch. (*He creeps out.*)

ULF. Yet I have a fear.

OOGNO. A fear ? Why, we are saved.

ULF. Last night I dreamed.

OOGNO. What was your dream ?

ULF. It was nothing. I dreamed that I was thirsty, and one gave me Woldery wine. Yet there was a fear in my dream.

THAHN. When I drink Woldery wine I am afraid of nothing.



(*Re-enter Thief.*)

THIEF. They are making a pleasant banquet ready for us ; they are killing lambs, and girls are there with fruits, and there is to be much Woldery wine.

MLAN. Never had beggars such a time.

AGMAR. Do any doubt us now ?

THIEF. I do not know.

MLAN. When will the banquet be ?

THIEF. When the stars come out.

OOGNO. Ah ! it is sunset already. There will be good eating.

THAHN. We shall see the girls come in with baskets upon their heads.

OOGNO. There will be fruits in the baskets.

THAHN. All the fruits of the valley.

MLAN. Ah ! how long we have wandered along the ways of the world !

SLAG. Ah ! how hard they were !

THAHN. And how dusty !

OOGNO. And how little wine !

MLAN. How long we have asked and asked, and for how much !

AGMAR. We, to whom all things are coming now at last.

THIEF. I fear lest my art forsake me now that good things come without stealing.

AGMAR. You will need your art no longer.

SLAG. The wisdom of my master shall suffice us all our days.

(*Enter a frightened Man. He kneels before Agmar and abases his forehead.*)

MAN. Master, we implore you ! the people beseech you !

(*Agmar and the Beggars, in the attitude of the gods, sit silent.*)

MAN. Master, it is terrible ! (*The Beggars maintain silence.*) It is terrible when you wander in the evening.

It is terrible on the edge of the desert in the evening. Children die when they see you.

AGMAR. In the desert ? When did you see us ?

MAN. Last night, Master. You were terrible last night. You were terrible in the gloaming. When your hands were stretched out and groping. You were feeling for the city.

AGMAR. Last night, do you say ?

MAN. You were terrible in the gloaming.

AGMAR. You yourself saw us ?

MAN. Yes, Master, you were terrible.

AGMAR. You say you saw us ?

MAN. Yes, Master. Not as you are now, but otherwise. We implore you, Master, not to wander at evening. You are terrible in the gloaming. You are . . .

AGMAR. You say we appeared not as we are now. How did we appear to you ?

MAN. Otherwise, Master, otherwise.

AGMAR. But how *did* we appear to you ?

MAN. You were all green, Master, all green in the gloaming, all of rock again as you used to be in the mountains. Master, we can bear to see you in flesh like men, but when we see rock walking it is terrible, it is terrible.

AGMAR. That is how we appeared to you ?

MAN. Yes, Master. Rock should not walk. When children see it they do not understand. Rock should not walk in the evening.

AGMAR. There have been doubters of late. Are they satisfied ?

MAN. Master, they are terrified. Spare us, Master !

AGMAR. It is wrong to doubt. Go and be faithful.  
(Exit Man.)

SLAG. What have they seen, Master ?

AGMAR. They have seen their own fears dancing in the desert. They have seen something green after the light was gone, and some child has told them a tale that it

was us. I do not know what they have seen. What should they have seen ?

ULF. Something was coming this way from the desert, he said.

SLAG. What should come from the desert ?

AGMAR. They are a foolish people.

ULF. That man's white face has seen some frightful thing.

SLAG. A frightful thing ?

ULF. That man's face has been near to some frightful thing.

AGMAR. It is only we that have frightened them, and their fears have made them foolish.

*(Enter an attendant with a torch or lantern, which he places in a receptacle. Exit.)*

THAHN. The dancing girls. They are coming.

THIEF. There is no sound of flutes. They said they would come with music.

OOGNO. What heavy boots they have ! They sound like feet of stone.

THAHN. I do not like to hear their heavy tread. Those that would dance to *us* must be light of foot.

AGMAR. I shall not smile at them if they are not airy.

MLAN. They are coming very slowly. They should come nimbly to us.

THAHN. They should dance as they come. But the footfall is like the footfall of heavy crabs.

ULF. *(In a loud voice, almost chaunting.)* I have a fear, an old fear and a boding ! We have done ill in the sight of the seven gods. Beggars we were, and beggars we should have remained. We have given up our calling and come in sight of our doom. I will no longer let my fear be silent ; it shall run about and cry ; it shall go from me crying, like a dog from out of a doomed city ; for my fear has seen calamity and has known an evil thing.

SLAG. (*Hoarsely.*) Master !

AGMAR. (*Rising.*) Come, come !

(*They listen. No one speaks. The stony boots come on. Enter in single file a procession of seven Green Men ; even hands and faces are green. They wear greenstone sandals ; they walk with knees extremely wide apart, as having sat cross-legged for centuries ; their right arms and right forefingers point upwards, right elbows resting on left hands ; they stoop grotesquely. They pass in front of the seven Beggars, now in terrified attitudes, and six of them sit down in the attitude described, with their backs to the audience. The leader stands, still stooping.*)

OOGNO. The gods of the mountain !

AGMAR. (*Hoarsely.*) Be still. They are dazzled by the light. They may not see us.

(*The leading Green Thing points his forefinger at the lantern ; the flame turns green. When the six are seated, the leader points one by one at each of the seven Beggars, shooting out his forefinger at them. As he does this, each Beggar in his turn gathers himself back on to his throne and crosses his legs, his right arm goes stiffly upwards with forefinger erect, and a staring look of horror comes into his eyes. In this attitude the Beggars sit motionless while a green light falls upon their faces. The gods go out. Presently enter the Citizens, some with victuals and fruit. One touches a Beggar's arm, and then another's.*)

CITIZEN. They are cold ! They have turned to stone !

(*All abase themselves, foreheads to the floor.*)

ONE. We have doubted them. We have doubted them. They have turned to stone because we have doubted them.

ANOTHER. They were the true gods.

ALL. They were the true gods.

CURTAIN.

GENERAL JOHN REGAN <sup>1</sup>

(GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM)

NOTE.—An American visitor to Ballymoy in the West of Ireland informs the inhabitants that he has come to visit that district to gain information about a famous Bolivian patriot—General John Regan—who was born in the neighbourhood. None of the residents have so much as heard of Regan ; but the local doctor, Lucius O'Grady, at once sees an opportunity which can be used for the good of the little town. At his instigation every one pretends to know all about General Regan, and O'Grady even goes the length of finding descendants for him, Mary Ellen—the maid-of-all-work at the local hotel—being pressed into service as his grand-niece. A committee is formed to consider the erection of a suitable memorial to the general, and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland promises to come down to unveil the statue which the American—Horace P. Billing—has had erected at his own cost.

The doctor assures his friends that if the Lord Lieutenant comes to Ballymoy he is bound to give a government grant towards building a pier in the bay, and this grant, judiciously spent, will give satisfaction to a considerable number of the populace—especially to Doyle the innkeeper, who will no doubt obtain the contract for the erection of the pier.

The eventful morning arrives ; everything is ready ; O'Grady has drilled all in their parts—but then things begin to go wrong. A wire comes from the Lord Lieutenant saying that he will not be present ; Golligher, a confirmed Nationalist, finds out that ' Rule Britannia ' is to be played at the unveiling—a proceeding which he regards as a deadly insult ; and Dr. O'Grady is nowhere to be found ! Meanwhile all the local notabilities are assembled in the market-place, waiting.

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Mr. George A. Birmingham.



## CHARACTERS

DR. LUCIUS O'GRADY, *a Dispensary Doctor*

MAJOR KENT, *a local landlord*

TIMOTHY DOYLE, *an hotel keeper*

THADDEUS GOLLIGHER, *Editor of 'The Connaught Eagle'*

HORACE P. BILLING, *an American tourist*

C. GREGG, *a District Inspector of R. I. Constabulary*

CONSTABLE MORIARTY, *R.I.C.*

TOM KERRIGAN, *Bandmaster*

REV. FATHER McCORMACK, *Parish Priest of Ballymoy*

LORD ALFRED BLAKENEY, *Aide-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant*

MRS. GREGG, *Wife of the District Inspector of Police*

MARY ELLEN, *servant in Doyle's hotel*

## SCENE

*The Market Square in Ballymoy. A veiled statue mounted on a pedestal with two steps stands in the middle. Crack of whip heard. LORD ALFRED BLAKENEY, a tall, very well-dressed young man, enters.*

LORD ALFRED. Wait here a minute and drive me back to the station.

VOICE. (*Off.*) All right, yer honour.

DOYLE. Glory be to God! Here's the Lord Lieutenant after all!

FATHER McCORMACK. It's himself, surely.

MAJOR. Think of that, Gregg!

GREGG. It can't be, for I had a wire this morning from our Inspector-General.

LORD ALFRED. Is Dr. O'Grady here? Dr. Lucius O'Grady? (*To Major.*) Are you Dr. O'Grady?

MAJOR. No, thank goodness.

FATHER McCORMACK. Your Excellency—(*Takes off hat.*)

LORD ALFRED. I am not his Excellency. (*Father McCormack puts on hat again.*) I wish to see Dr. O'Grady.



DOYLE. You're not the only one that 's wishing that. I'd be glad to see him myself.

(Dr. O'Grady *enters.*)

MRS. GREGG. Oh, Dr. O'Grady, the Lord Lieutenant isn't coming after all.

O'GRADY. I heard about the Lord Lieutenant this morning.

FATHER McCORMACK. Dr. O'Grady, this is the Lord Lieutenant's aide-de-camp, Lord Alfred Blakeney. He wants to speak to you.

O'GRADY. Delighted to meet you. You come as his Excellency's representative, of course. He couldn't have sent a better man.

LORD ALFRED. I am directed by his Excellency, Dr. O'Grady——

O'GRADY. (*Turning.*) Excuse me, one moment. Thady Golligher is looking positively dangerous. He is a most rabid Nationalist and any one even remotely connected with a Lord Lieutenant excites him frightfully.

Now then, Thady, what 's the matter with you ?

DOYLE. (*To O'Grady.*) Where 's the money for the statue ? And where 's the £500 for the pier ? Let me tell you this, Dr. O'Grady, there 's a matter of £33 15s. *od.* against you in my books, and——

GOLLIGHER. I've found out the trick you're trying to play on the people of this town, and let me tell you that a meaner nor a cowardly action—The Nationalists of Ballymoy——

O'GRADY. Oh, it 's Rule Britannia, is it ? Moriarty let it out, I suppose.

GOLLIGHER. It was on account of what Constable Moriarty was saying this morning, not being able to keep his ugly mouth shut on account of the pride he was taking in the insult that was offered to the people of this town.

O'GRADY. All right. Wait a moment. Keep quiet. (*Exeunt Doyle and Golligher.*) (*To Lord Alfred.*) Have you got an ear for music ?

LORD ALFRED. (*After staring at him for a moment in silence.*) You probably do not quite understand, Dr. O'Grady, that I am here by his Excellency's express commands in order to find out——

O'GRADY. Quite so. Yes. I grasp all that. But what I want to know is : Have you got an ear for music ?

LORD ALFRED. (*After a puzzled pause.*) This matter is a very serious one. A deliberate attempt has been made to hoax his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the responsibility rests——

O'GRADY. Yes, yes. Quite so. I'll listen to all that in a minute. But do tell me this : Have you got an ear for music ?

LORD ALFRED. No.

O'GRADY. Good ! Major, come here. Go over to Kerrigan and tell him not to play the tune I taught him, but to be ready to strike up ' The Wearing of the Green ' when I give the word. Do you understand that ?

MAJOR. Yes, but——

O'GRADY. Well, go and do it and don't argue. (*Pushes him off.*) Now, Lord Alfred, I'm quite ready to hear his Excellency's message.

LORD ALFRED. His Excellency undertook at your request to come here and make a speech at the unveiling of a statue. (*Pauses impressively.*)

O'GRADY. He did and he 's not come. Now, why not ?

LORD ALFRED. His Excellency is very seriously annoyed, and has directed me to inquire whether there is any explanation of the impudent attempt which has been made to hoax him.

O'GRADY. What do you mean by hoax ?

LORD ALFRED. In preparing his speech for the occasion he naturally made inquiries——

O'GRADY. That was awfully good of him. Whom did he ask ?

LORD ALFRED. He had inquiries made at the British Museum Library and then at the Bodleian. He was informed that nothing was known about General John Regan.

O'GRADY. I wouldn't trust those fellows entirely. They don't know everything, though they're supposed to.

LORD ALFRED. (*With great dignity.*) I am here therefore to demand on behalf of the Lord Lieutenant a full apology for——

(*Doyle comes out of hotel and edges up to Doctor.*)

O'GRADY. You said an explanation a minute ago.

LORD ALFRED. No explanation is possible.

O'GRADY. In reality it is the Lord Lieutenant who owes us an apology and an explanation. However as you don't appear to see it in that light——

LORD ALFRED. I certainly do not. The studied insolence with which you've treated his Excellency——

O'GRADY. I shall begin my explanation with a simple question. What are Lord Lieutenants for ?

LORD ALFRED. (*Astonished.*) What are they for ?

O'GRADY. Yes. What are they for ? What good are they ? In other words, why do we keep a Lord Lieutenant ? That's plain enough, surely.

DOYLE. (*Taking Doctor by arm.*) I'd be glad, Doctor, if you'd take the first opportunity of mentioning that matter of a grant for the new pier, for if we don't get the money out of the government, I don't see——

(*O'Grady catches sight of Mr. Billing at base of statue.*)

O'GRADY. Hullo, there's that American fellow. Go and catch him, Doyle. Haul him into your hotel. Knock

him down if necessary. Sit on him until he disgorges that cheque; get Golligher and the Major and Father McCormack to help you if you can't manage him by yourself.

(*Golligher and Doyle go up behind Billing and slap him on the shoulder, one on either side. They seize him and drag him into hotel.*)

O'GRADY. What are Lord Lieutenants for?

LORD ALFRED. I absolutely decline to discuss the question.

O'GRADY. Very well then. I'll answer it myself. The Lord Lieutenant's business is to encourage by sympathy, tact, and especially by making speeches when asked to do so, any attempt made by any one to improve the physical, intellectual, or moral condition of the Irish people.

LORD ALFRED. This is perfectly intolerable.

O'GRADY. You brought it on yourself. You asked for an explanation and you're getting it.

LORD ALFRED. On behalf of his Excellency, I ask for an apology.

O'GRADY. Listen to me for a moment. If we were starting a picture gallery the Lord Lieutenant would come down to open it, wouldn't he? (Lord Alfred *nods doubtfully*.) Instead of that we're erecting a statue which is a far more elevating kind of art if you only knew it. The Lord Lieutenant, instead of bounding down in his motor car, asks us to apologize. Now why?

LORD ALFRED. But your statue—who's your statue to?

O'GRADY. General John Regan of Bolivia. I thought I told you that long ago.

LORD ALFRED. But who *was* General John Regan?

O'GRADY. Oh! what does it matter who he was? Lots of statues are put up to people that nobody knows anything

about. Some of the best statues in the world are to fellows who never existed at all.

LORD ALFRED. That's quite true, of course. But how could the Lord Lieutenant make a speech about a man who never existed?

O'GRADY. He'd have made a speech about the Dying Gladiator, if we'd been putting up a statue to him. I can't see why he cuts up rough when it's only poor old General John Regan.

LORD ALFRED. If you'd explained to the Lord Lieutenant that the statue—If he'd known it was to be a purely symbolical figure—Why didn't you explain?

*(Doyle comes out of hotel and signs to O'Grady.)*

O'GRADY. I gave him credit for having intelligence enough to take a simple thing like that for granted. Ah! There's Doyle again. Excuse me a minute. *(To Doyle.)* Have you got the cheque?

DOYLE. He paid like a man. He says the show is well worth the money. I shouldn't wonder but he'd give us what's wanted for the pier.

O'GRADY. We'll try and get it out of the government first.

DOYLE. So long as it's got, Doctor, you need never trouble yourself about the little trifle you owe me.

O'GRADY. I wasn't troubling myself in the least. Where's the American fellow now?

DOYLE. Himself and Thady Golligher is within having a drink.

O'GRADY. We needn't wait for them then. We are now going to proceed with the ceremony of unveiling the statue.

*(Crowd comes on.)*

MRS. GREGG. But what am I to do with the bouquet? And what about the illuminated address?

O'GRADY. Oh, yes, the illuminated address. I almost forgot that. *(To Doyle.)* Where is the illuminated address?

DOYLE. It's within the hotel.



O'GRADY. Go and get it then.

(Doyle goes into hotel and returns.)

DOYLE. There it is, Doctor, it's a fine address.

O'GRADY. (To Lord Alfred.) This is an illuminated address of welcome to the Lord Lieutenant. Will you take charge of it, Lord Alfred, and hand it over to his Excellency when you get home?

(Lord Alfred looks doubtfully at the address. O'Grady forces it into his hands.)

LORD ALFRED. But I'm not sure that his Excellency will receive—He feels very strongly——

O'GRADY. I know exactly how he feels and it's greatly to his credit. After the shabby way he's behaved he'll scarcely like to have it. But he can have it all the same. We're not vindictive.

LORD ALFRED. It's not that. It's not that at all. You don't appear to understand, Dr. O'Grady. The Lord Lieutenant——

O'GRADY. How you do love arguing! You're nearly as bad as the Major. Surely we needn't go back on all that statue business again. We've settled it, and there isn't time to settle the same thing twice over.

LORD ALFRED. But the Lord Lieutenant—I don't see how I can give him——

O'GRADY. All you've got to do is to hand it over when you get home. Lay it on his plate at breakfast time.

LORD ALFRED. But he won't understand——

O'GRADY. Oh! he'll understand right enough. By the way, I suppose he won't have any objection to giving us money to build a pier?

LORD ALFRED. Giving you what?

O'GRADY. Money for a pier. Not out of his own pocket. We wouldn't ask that. Merely government money.

LORD ALFRED. I'm afraid—I scarcely think—what I mean to say is——



O'GRADY. You represent it to him in the proper light *after* you've given him our testimonial, and you'll find that he'll do it. And now we must proceed with the unveiling of the statue. Major, you go over and stand beside Mrs. Gregg; she'll want your moral support.

MAJOR. Why? I don't care for being hustled about, Doctor.

O'GRADY. Don't start an argument, go and do as you're told. Father McCormack, will you go over and be ready to pacify Thady Golligher in case he comes and tries to make a row? Now, Lord Alfred, will you come here now?

LORD ALFRED. But what have I to do?

O'GRADY. Oh, nothing much.

LORD ALFRED. What am I to do with this? (*Holding out address.*) I can't carry it about in my arms.

O'GRADY. You'll have to.

LORD ALFRED. Can't I lay it down somewhere? It's so huge.

O'GRADY. No. You can't. It cost five pounds, and we simply won't have it thrown away. Where's Mary Ellen? —Mary Ellen! Mary Ellen!

(*Goes into hotel and leads out Mary Ellen up to statue.*)

DOYLE. (*Goes up to her.*) Mary Ellen, your own mother wouldn't know you.

MARY ELLEN. She might.

O'GRADY. Now then, Kerrigan, mind what you're doing and strike up.

KERRIGAN. Is it the tune the Major told me I'm to play, or is it the one you taught me?

O'GRADY. It's not the one I taught you, it's the Major's. Have you got that clear in your head? Very well, strike up.

(*Band plays 'Wearing of the Green'. Thady Golligher rushes out of the hotel, followed by Father McCormack and Doyle.*)

GOLLIGHER. (*Shouting.*) I protest in the name of the people of Ireland !

(*Band stops playing.*)

FATHER McCORMACK. (*To Golligher, soothingly.*) Whisht, man, whisht, behave yourself.

O'GRADY. Pacify him, Father McCormack !

FATHER McCORMACK. I will if I can. (*To Golligher.*) Sure, it 's not that tune at all they're playing but another one altogether.

O'GRADY. It 's not the tune you think it is at all. Start again, Kerrigan !

(*Band plays ' Wearing of the Green '.* O'Grady takes off his hat ; then Doyle takes his off ; next Thady removes his ; then Father McCormack. O'Grady signals to Major to take his off, and lastly Lord Alfred removes his in a puzzled way. Band stops, and they all put on their hats again. Billing in porch of hotel laughing.)

LORD ALFRED. (*Putting on his hat.*) That wasn't the National Anthem surely ?

O'GRADY. No, it wasn't. I thought you said you'd no ear for music ?

LORD ALFRED. I have no ear ; but you can't be aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant without getting to know the National Anthem. Why did we take off our hats ?

O'GRADY. It 's the National Anthem of Bolivia. We had it played in honour of General John Regan.

LORD ALFRED. (*Puzzled.*) But you've just admitted to me that General John Regan——

O'GRADY. Ladies and gentlemen, the next item on the programme is the unveiling of the statue by Mary Ellen, grand-niece of the famous general. (*Cheers.* O'Grady takes string and hands it to Mary Ellen ; then stands behind her.) Are you all right, Mary Ellen ?

MARY ELLEN. I am.

O'GRADY. Take this string in your hand. Have you got it ?

MARY ELLEN. I have.

O'GRADY. Very well. When I say pull, you pull.

MARY ELLEN. I will.

O'GRADY. If nothing happens, pull harder. Now, one, two, three, pull !

*(The veil falls off. Loud cheers.)*

DOYLE. *(Enthusiastically.)* It 's a grand statue, so it is ; and worth every penny of the money.

O'GRADY. Lord Alfred Blakeney will now address the assembly.

LORD ALFRED. I can't. I'm totally unprepared.

O'GRADY. You must. After the shabby way the Lord Lieutenant's treated us you must say something. A few well-chosen words on statues in general will do.

LORD ALFRED. What am I to do with this ? *(Holds out the address.)*

O'GRADY. Keep it. Don't let it drop.

LORD ALFRED. But I can't make a speech with this thing—I really can't——

O'GRADY. You can if you like. Go on.

*(Lord Alfred gets on step of statue. Cheers.)*

LORD ALFRED. Ladies and gentlemen—er——

O'GRADY. Take off your hat. *(Takes off Lord Alfred's hat.)*

LORD ALFRED. I stand here to-day—er——

O'GRADY. *(To Lord Alfred.)* As representative of the Lord Lieutenant.

LORD ALFRED. But I'm not his representative. He'll be very angry when he hears about this. This beastly address ! Are there any reporters here ?

O'GRADY. I don't know. Go on anyway.

LORD ALFRED. I stand here to-day at the unveiling of this beautiful statue of this singular looking man. *(To O'Grady.)* Do take this thing out of my hands !

O'GRADY. Go on ! You're doing capitally. Say something about the grant from the government for a new pier.

LORD ALFRED. But I've no authority. I can't.

O'GRADY. £500 will satisfy us. It's a mere trifle. After the way the Lord Lieutenant has behaved to us——

LORD ALFRED. I can't—I really can't !

*(Crowd begins to move away.)*

O'GRADY. Go on then and say something. The people are getting impatient.

LORD ALFRED. *(Sulkily.)* I have much pleasure in declaring this statue open—er—open to public inspection. *(Takes hat from O'Grady and puts it on.)*

*(Cheers.)*

BILLING. That's a poor speech !

LORD ALFRED. *(Irritated.)* Make a better one yourself, then, whoever you are. *(Goes down.)*

BILLING. I will. I'll make one that'll create a sensation anyhow. *(Mounts step of statue.)* Ladies and gentlemen, when I first set eyes on the town a month ago I thought I had bumped up against the most dead-alive, one-horse settlement that Europe could boast.

*(The crowd books and groans loudly. Mr. Billing looks round with a bland smile.)*

GOLLIGHER. Pull the Yank down out of that. What right has he to be standing there ?

FATHER McCORMACK. Whisht now, Thady, and behave yourself decent. Hasn't he paid for the statue ?

BILLING. I got bitten with the notion of speeding you up a bit. I felt plumb sure that there wasn't a live man in the place. Nothing but a crowd of doddering hop-toads.

*(Books and uproar from crowd.)*

SERGEANT. Keep back now, keep back out of that.

BILLING. Ladies and gentlemen, I was mistaken in my estimate, and I own up. Dr. Lucius O'Grady is a real live man, and I admire him some. There isn't a Doctor of

Medicine in the United States that would not have felt that he'd bitten off a bigger bit than he could chew when he found himself up against the proposition of erecting a statue to General John Regan. But Dr. O'Grady made good. Yes, Siree. He fetched down the Lord Lieutenant of all Ireland——

LORD ALFRED. But I'm not the Lord Lieutenant. I do hope there are no reporters here. I don't know what will happen to me.

BILLING. He provided a grand-niece for the General in the person of that beautiful young lady. (*Points to Mary Ellen.*)

MARY ELLEN. Arrah ! get out !

BILLING. And he did all that, gentlemen, in the face of a curious fact. Mr. Lord Lieutenant, Right Reverend Sir, and gentlemen, there never was such a man as General John Regan. I *invented* him.

(*Loud uproar.*)

O'GRADY. He says there was no such person as General John Regan. Ladies and gentlemen, here's the statue, erected in accordance with the unanimous wish of the people of this locality, and if any man says there's no such person as General John Regan it will be my proud task to convince that man that he's a liar.

(*Cheers.*)

BILLING. Prove that and I'll write a cheque for the cost of the new pier.

O'GRADY. Then write away, my boy, for there's the statue smiling down on you, and I challenge you or any other man to prove that that is not the dead, living, speaking image of our own General John Regan.

BILLING. (*Astounded.*) Oh, you're alive all right. All right, I'll make it £500 ; you're worth it.

(*They shake hands. Billing holds out his hand to Lord Alfred, who turns disdainfully away.*)

DOYLE. Doctor, we've got the money after all.



O'GRADY. We've got the money—honestly too, Major dear. Hats off, gentlemen. Three cheers for General John Regan.

*(Band plays 'God save Ireland.')*

CURTAIN.

## KISMET<sup>1</sup>

(EDWARD KNOBLOCK)

NOTE.—This play shows the vicissitudes in one day of the life of Hajj, an Eastern beggar in the city of Baghdad.

The following extract shows how Hajj, a master of cunning and guile, succeeds in obtaining new raiment at the expense of Zayd and Amru, two merchants of the city who for many years have been devoted friends. All the craft of Hajj is, however, of no avail, for although at times we see him raised to high honour and his daughter married to the Caliph, at other times he is threatened with mutilation or is awaiting death as a criminal; finally he ends the day, as he had begun, a beggar by the steps of the Carpenters' Mosque.

### CHARACTERS

HAJJ, *an Eastern beggar*

NASIR

ZAYD

SWEETMEAT-SELLER

AMRU

VARIOUS MEN

CAPTAIN

### SCENE

*Baghdad. Bazaar Street.*

HAJJ *appears in the centre archway. He is still in rags. He comes down to ZAYD.*

ZAYD. *(Putting him off as he would a beggar.)* Heaven will provide, O brother. *(Hajj crosses to Amru.)*

AMRU. *(In the same tone as Zayd.)* Allah will provide.

HAJJ. Nay, I am no beggar.

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Mr. Edward Knoblock.



ZAYD and AMRU. What art thou then ?

HAIJ. I am a religious mendicant. My vow of poverty has been accomplished in the hour. I am on my way to the hammam<sup>1</sup> to re-enter daily life.

ZAYD. O father of rags, thou art strangely like to a beggar before the Carpenters' Mosque.

HAIJ. So I have been told. The sooner therefore I strip me of his likeness, the better for both of us. What hast thou in the manner of cloaks and shirts and turband-cloths ? (*He clinks the purse ominously.*)

(*Zayd and Amru hurry forward, each bringing a cushion for Hajj to sit on. They spread a big square of stuff before him on which they display their goods.*)

(*Hajj sits down with great satisfaction.*)

ZAYD. All colours, O my master.

AMRU. All kinds, O my master.

HAIJ. (*With a delighted smile, pleased at the epithet.*) Master ! (*He chinks his purse.*)

ZAYD. Why dost thou smile ?

HAIJ. 'Tis nought ! A memory ! Show me thy wares.

AMRU. Thou'lt see mine too, O my lord ?

HAIJ. (*Turning to Amru, as above.*) Lord !—Thine too,—O my—my tailor. (*Pointing to some veils in Amru's hands.*) What 's this ?

ZAYD. (*Spreading out a cloak eagerly.*) Thy cloak, O my master.

HAIJ. (*To Zayd, putting him off.*) A moment. (*To Amru.*) Face veils ?

AMRU. (*Spreading out a veil.*) After the fashion of Egypt. Woven air !

HAIJ. (*Taking up the veil.*) A veil ! Hast thou anklets ?

AMRU. Here are jewels none hath set eyes on in Baghdad. (*He opens a little casket.*)

ZAYD. (*Jealously, calling across.*) O my lord,—thy cloak.

<sup>1</sup> hammam : an Eastern bathing establishment.

AMRU. (*To Zayd, annoyed.*) Trouble not my master.

HAJJ. (*Taking up the anklets and veil.*) How much ?

AMRU. Seven dinars.<sup>1</sup>

HAJJ. Thou art mad. (*He turns to Zayd.*) Thy cloak !

AMRU. (*Eagerly.*) How much wilt thou offer ?

HAJJ. (*Ignoring Amru.*) Allah, this is workmanship !

AMRU. (*As above.*) Six dinars and a half.

HAJJ. (*To Zayd.*) Who 's the designer of this ?

ZAYD. 'Tis I.

AMRU. (*Quickly to Hajj, waving the scarf and anklets.*) Six.

HAJJ. (*Turning to Amru.*) Three ! And 'tis more than paid.

AMRU. The anklets alone cost me four.

ZAYD. (*To Hajj.*) Thou'lt have the cloak ?

HAJJ. How much ?

ZAYD. Twenty-five dinars.

HAJJ. Twenty-five ! (*He turns abruptly to Amru.*) Three dinars.

ZAYD. Twenty-four and a half !

AMRU. Four dinars and I lose. By the life of my father, I swear it.

HAJJ. Four an thou wrappest them up in one of thy kerchiefs.

AMRU. 'Tis beyond my yielding. (*He takes his veils away.*)

HAJJ. (*Turning to Zayd.*) Hast thou veils ? (*Amru eyes Hajj eagerly.*)

ZAYD. The best in Baghdad. Thou'lt have the cloak ?

HAJJ. I'll see others first. Put it there. (*He points to the kerchief spread out before him.*) Thy veils !

AMRU. Hold ! Thou shalt have thy veil and kerchief. But I swear——

HAJJ. (*Turning to Amru.*) Swear not ! (*Counts out the money.*) Four ! Thou hast begun the day too well. What

<sup>1</sup> *dinar* : an ancient Arab gold coin.

shirt is this? (*He takes it up.*) And yon trousers and girdle? (*Pointing to some trousers and a girdle Zayd's apprentice is holding up.*)

(*The Guide Nasir enters at the back, sees Hajj and watches him unobserved, with cat-like glances, leaning against Zayd's shop. Zayd hands Hajj the trousers and girdle.*)

AMRU. (*Shouting.*) First see this girdle of mine.

HAJJ. Now which of ye twain hath a turband-cloth to my heart?

ZAYD. (*Unrolling one.*) O master, 'tis I.

AMRU. (*Unrolling another.*) O master, 'tis me.

ZAYD. I!

AMRU. Me!

HAJJ. The master asked both. (*Pointing to Amru's cloth, squinting at Zayd out of the corner of his eye.*) His cloth far excelleth thine.

ZAYD. (*Furious.*) His cloth excel mine? Yon meagre tracery crawling along the edge as a dying dog to a puddle,—that excel my glorious branching and bowing of pomegranates?

AMRU. Dying dog, indeed! Dying dog thyself.

ZAYD. By Allah, hold thy peace, O brother.

HAJJ. (*To Zayd, inciting him.*) How? Let him call thee dog?

ZAYD. (*Springing up.*) Called he me dog? Didst thou call me dog, O dog?

AMRU. (*Conciliating him, still on his knees.*) Enough, O Zayd. Words poison.

HAJJ. (*To Amru, in a whisper.*) What? Kneel to a slave, dost thou?

AMRU. Yehh<sup>1</sup>! Thou art right. (*Rising and facing Zayd.*) Yes, I—I call thee dog.

ZAYD. Thou shalt eat thy words. (*He crosses to Amru.*)

<sup>1</sup> Yehh: an Arab cry of surprise.

AMRU. And thou thy pomegranates. (*They fall to blows.*)  
 (Hajj quickly gathers the clothes he picked out, wraps the large cloth about them, and hurries off by the arch, left. Nasir has watched Hajj and follows him off. The Merchants and Apprentices hurry out of the shops.)

VARIOUS MEN. Ho, masters! Ho, masters! Help! They're fighting! They'll have their swords out! Ho, Moslems! Ho, Captain! Help!

(Several of the shopmen and passers-by crowd round, chattering and screaming, trying to separate the two men. Different ones shout: 'O Amru! O Brothers! Where's the Syndic?'<sup>1</sup> O Zayd! For the love of Allah! Are ye not sons of Islam both?' &c. The Captain of the Watch hurries in by the centre arch. The two men are separated by him.)

CAPTAIN. O Zayd! O Amru! Shame upon ye! How now? Are ye donkey-boys?

AMRU. O Captain! Heaven knoweth we were ever the best of friends.

ZAYD. Ever till this hour.

CAPTAIN. Who began it?

ZAYD. 'Twas my lord here who said—(*He points to Hajj's empty cushion; stops and stares amazed.*) Where is my lord? (*He looks about bewildered.*) Yehh! Gone! Gone, and the clothes with him.

AMRU. O, the bazaar devil! 'Twas he that set us on.

ZAYD. After him. Which way went he?

A MAN. This way. (*He points to the arch left.*)

(*The crowd, headed by Zayd, starts to run off to the left.*)

ANOTHER MAN. (*Pointing up to the centre arch.*) This way!

(*The crowd veers and starts off to the back.*)

STILL ANOTHER MAN. (*Pointing to the right.*) This way!  
 (*They all swing to the right.*)

<sup>1</sup> Syndic: Magistrate.

(Nasir *re-enters from the left arch eagerly.*)

NASIR. (*At the top of his voice.*) No, that way. I know the dog well. 'Tis Hajj—the beggar!

(*General hubbub as All run off to the left, shouting and gesticulating.*)

THE SWEETMEAT-SELLER. (*Rising and putting his tray of sweets on his head, goes slowly down the street, shouting.*) Ho! Ho! Swee—ts!

CURTAIN.

## THE GREAT ADVENTURE <sup>1</sup>

(ARNOLD BENNETT)

NOTE.—This play turns on a mistake in identity between Ilam Carve, the greatest painter of his day, and Shawn, his valet. The following extract shows how the first mistake was made—by the doctor. Carve, who is of a very shy and nervous disposition, cannot overcome his natural diffidence so as to correct the mistake. The valet dies and is buried in Westminster Abbey, while the painter marries a widow and settles down to a happy and contented life in a small villa in Putney.

### CHARACTERS

ILAM CARVE, *a great painter*

ALBERT SHAWN, *valet to Carve*

DR. PASCOE

EDWARD HORNING

### SCENE

ALBERT SHAWN *is reclining on the sofa, fully dressed, but obviously ill: an overcoat has been drawn over his legs. A conspicuous object is a magnificent light purple dressing-gown thrown across a chair. Door bangs off. Enter ILAM CARVE in his shirt sleeves, hurriedly. SHAWN feebly tries to get up.*

CARVE. Now, don't move. Remember you're a sick man, and forget you're a servant.

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Mr. Arnold Bennett.



(Shawn shivers. Carve, about to put on his dressing-gown, changes his mind, and wraps it round Shawn as well as he can. Carve then puts on an oldish coat.)

SHAWN. (*Feebly.*) You've been very quick, sir.

CARVE. I found a red lamp only three doors off. He'll be along in half a minute.

SHAWN. Did you explain what it was, sir?

CARVE. (*Genially.*) How could I explain what it was, you fool, when I don't know? I simply asked to see the doctor, and I told him there was a fellow-creature suffering at No. 126, and would he come at once. '126?' he said, '126 has been shut up for years.'

SHAWN. (*Trying to smile.*) What did you say, sir?

CARVE. I said (*articulating with clearness*) a hundred and twenty-six—and ran off. Then he yelled out after me that he'd come instantly.—I say, Shawn, we're discovered. I could tell that from his sudden change of tone. I bet the entire street knows that the celebrated Me has arrived at last. I feel like a criminal already, dashed if I don't! I wish we'd gone to an hotel now. (*Walks about.*) I say, did you make up the bed?

SHAWN. I was just doing it, sir.

CARVE. But what about sheets and so on?

SHAWN. I bought some this morning, ready hemmed, sir—with those and the travelling rug——

CARVE. Well, don't you think you could work your passage out to the bed? With my help?

SHAWN. Me in your bed, sir!

CARVE. (*Genially bullying.*) Keep on in that tone—and I'll give you the sack on the spot. Now then. Try—before the doctor comes. (*Bell rings.*)

SHAWN. The bell, sir—excuse me.

CARVE. Confound—— (*Exit Carve.*)

(Shawn coughs and puts a handkerchief to his mouth.  
Carve returns immediately with Dr. Pascoe.)



PASCOE. (*Glancing round quickly.*) This the patient ? (*Goes to Shawn, and looks at him. Then, taking a clinical thermometer from his pocket and wiping it, with marked respect.*) Allow me to put this under your tongue for half a minute. (*Having done so, he takes Shawn's wrist and, looking at his watch, counts the patient's pulse. Then turning to Carve, in a low curt voice.*) When did this begin ?

CARVE. Just now. That is, he only began to complain about six o'clock. We arrived in London this morning from Madrid.

PASCOE. (*Reading the thermometer.*) Temperature 104½. Pulse is 140—and weak. I must have some boiling water.

CARVE. (*At a loss.*) What for ?

PASCOE. What for ? For a poultice.

CARVE. (*Helplessly.*) But there isn't any. We've nothing except this spirit-lamp. (*Pointing to lamp on table.*)

PASCOE. No women in the house ?

CARVE. (*With humour that the doctor declines to see.*) Not one.

PASCOE. (*Controlling his exasperation.*) Never mind. I'll run round to the surgery and get my hypodermic. (*To Shawn, reassuringly and deferentially.*) I shall be back at once, Mr. Carve. (*To Carve, near door.*) Keep your master well covered up—I suppose you can do that ? (*Exit.*)

CARVE. Shawn, my poor fellow, he takes you for the illustrious Ilam Carve. This is what comes of me rushing out in shirt sleeves. (*Gesture of despair.*) I can't explain it to him.

SHAWN. But——

CARVE. It's all right. You'll be infinitely better looked after, you know, and I shall be saved from their infernal curiosity.

SHAWN. It's only this, sir. I was half-expecting a young lady to-night, sir (*very feebly*). At least, I believe she's young.

CARVE. Shawn, I've always suspected you were a bad lot. Now I know. I also know why you were so devilish anxious to put me to bed early. What am I to say to this young lady on your behalf?

*(Shawn worse, too ill to answer. Pause. Re-enter*

*Dr. Pascoe, very rapidly, with a large tumbler half-full of hot liquid.)*

PASCOE. You may say I've been quick. *(As he bends down to Shawn, addressing Carve.)* Get me a wine-glass of clean cold water. *(To Shawn.)* Now, please. I want you to drink a little brandy and water. *(Shawn makes no response.)* By Jove!

*(The doctor pours some of the brandy and water down Shawn's throat.)*

CARVE. *(Who has been wandering about vaguely.)* I don't think we've got a wine-glass. There's a cup, but I suppose that isn't medical enough.

PASCOE. *(Taking a syringe from his pocket and unscrewing it.)* Pour some water in it. *(Carve obeys.)* Now, hold it.

CARVE. *(Indicating syringe.)* What is this device?

PASCOE. This device? I'm going to get some strychnine into him by injection. Steady with that cup, now!

*(Pascoe drops a tablet into the syringe and screws it up again, draws a little water up into the syringe, and shakes the syringe. Then he goes to Shawn to make the injection, on the top side of the patient's forearm. Carve still holds the cup out mechanically.)*

PASCOE. I've done with that cup.

CARVE. *(Putting the cup down.)* Might I ask what's the matter with him?

PASCOE. Pneumonia is the matter.

*(Noise of some one in the hall.)*

CARVE. *(Startled.)* Surely that's some one in the hall.

PASCOE. Keep perfectly calm, my man. It's my assistant. I left the door open on purpose for him. He's got

the poultice and things. (*In a loud voice as he finishes the injection.*) Come along, come along there. This way.

(*Enter Edward Horning with poultice, lint bandages, &c.*)

PASCOE. Found the antiphlogistine ?

EDWARD. Yes. (*He looks at patient, and exchanges a glance with Pascoe.*)

PASCOE. Where 's the bedroom ?

CARVE. There 's one there. (*Pointing to double doors.*)

PASCOE. (*To Horning.*) We'll get him into bed now. (*To Carve.*) Bed ready ?

CARVE. Yes. I—I think he was just making it up.

PASCOE. (*Startled.*) Does he make up his own bed ?

CARVE. (*Perceiving the mistake, but resuming his calm.*) Always.

PASCOE. (*Controlling his astonishment ; looking through double doors and opening them wider. To Horning.*) Yes, this will do. Put those things down here a minute while we lift him.

(*Pascoe and Horning then carry the inanimate form of Shawn into the room behind, while Carve hovers about uselessly.*)

CARVE. Can I do anything ?

PASCOE. (*Indicating a chair farthest away from the double doors.*) You see that chair ?

CARVE. I see it.

PASCOE. Go and sit on it. (*Exeunt Pascoe and Horning.*)

CURTAIN.

# THE FORTUNATE AND INVINCIBLE ARMADA

(LOUIS N. PARKER, *Drake*—a pageant play<sup>1</sup>)

PLYMOUTH HOE. JULY 19, 1588

## CHARACTERS

WILLIAM HAWKINS, <i>Mayor of Plymouth</i>	JOHN HAWKINS
YOLE	MARTIN FROBISHER
POTTER	SIR WALTER RALEIGH
BEWES	THOMAS FENNER
DOIDGE	TRYPHENA MOONE
MENHENNICK	SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM
BECKERLEG	DAME SYDENHAM
COURTENAY	SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
TOM MOONE	DAME ELIZABETH DRAKE
BREWER	NICHOLAS FLEMING
BRIGHT	CITIZENS OF PLYMOUTH ; CAP-
LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM	TAINS ; MARINERS

## SCENE

*Plymouth Hoe. A level turfed space on the top of a cliff. Beyond the edge at the back are seen, across the water, on the left of the spectator, Staddon Heights ; on the right, Mount Edgcumbe ; and, nearer in, St. Nicholas' Island. In the centre, between Staddon Heights and Mount Edgcumbe, is the channel, opening from the harbour to the sea. The waters are covered with ships. Stray groups of Citizens of Plymouth, among whom are TOM MOONE and his wife, and BREWER and BRIGHT, are excitedly talking together. WILLIAM HAWKINS, Mayor of Plymouth, and two of his friends are playing at bowls.*

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Mr. Louis N. Parker and of Mr. John Lane.

MAYOR. (*Throwing down his bowls.*) 'Tis no use, neighbour Yole, I've no stomach for bowls. (*Indicating his bowls.*) This wood's so heavy as the devil's conscience when I think of what's in store.

YOLE. We have Drake to lean on, Master Mayor.

POTTER. (*A wizened little shoemaker, to another group.*) I said how 't would be. If Drake wasn't put away, the Spaniards would come, I said. And now they're coming.

BEWES. (*A fat butcher.*) How do you know? They han't been heard of for weeks.

YOLE. That's the worst on't. Keeps me awake o' nights.

POTTER. I say 'twould ha' been better for us if John Doughty's knife had struck straight.

DOIDGE. (*A blacksmith.*) Think shame! Thou shouldst be in prison along wi' that black-hearted villain!

MENHENNICK. (*Grocer.*) To speak so of England's Drake!

BECKERLEG. (*A baker.*) Devon's Drake!

MAYOR. Plymouth's Drake!

POTTER. You'll alter your tune when the Spaniards come!

COURTENAY. (*A jovial vintner.*) Will Drake let 'em? He'll play at bowls wi' 'em, I warrant! (*Points off.*) Do but look at his fleet! Do seem's though he'd split his wood up, and every splinter had a-turned into a ship!

POTTER. Pooh! One Spanish galleon would swallow the lot! D'ye know what the Spaniards call their fleet? The Fortunate and Invincible Armada, they call it!—Invincible!—And they ought to know!

TOM. (*Coming up.*) Who's talkin'?

BREWER. Aw—! That little foreigner from Lunnon.

TOM. Then us don't need to take no heed.

BRIGHT. Be sure!

POTTER. Foreigner!—Me!—Two years set up in Plymouth!—There! That's the sperrit that's brought

England to this pass. The proud stomach, and the eyes swelling with fatness !

(*Enter Lord Howard of Effingham, John Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Thomas Fenner, with other Captains, deep in consultation.*)

MENHENNICK. Looksee ! Here be Captains o' the Fleet !

MOTHER MOONE. Which be the Lord High Admiral, Tom ?

TOM. Lord Howard of Effingham, yonder, goes by the name ; but 'tis Drake us looks to.

BRIGHT. Be sure !

HOWARD. (*To his group.*) The reports you bring are disastrous.

PROBISHER. It has been a cruel winter, Lord Howard, and so far the summer has been worse. We could do no work at all.

HAWKINS. Our fruitless hunt for the enemy a month ago has exasperated the men.

FENNER. We must thank God the Spaniard did not come a year since as he was minded.

RALEIGH. Faith, sirs, we must thank Drake too. For had he not, as he calls it, singed the King of Spain's beard at Cadiz——

POTTER. (*To his group.*) All his life, Drake's stirred up their righteous anger. And since his knighthood ! thrashed them at Vigo, Bilbao, Bayona, San Domingo, Cartagena !—And then Cadiz ! Think o' Cadiz ! Burning and sinking their whole Fleet ! Shameful !

COURTENAY. Wasn't it making ready to fall on England ?

POTTER. Ha'n't they a right to assemble their own ships in their own harbour, then ?

MENHENNICK. They'd stolen our corn-ships !

POTTER. And didn't Drake steal the great *San Felipe*—the king's treasure-ship ?



BEWES. (*Laughing.*) Ay, that crippled 'em ! Singed the king's beard, by Gor !

POTTER. I only know one useful and Christian year in all Drake's life. The year he was Mayor of Plymouth.

HOWARD. (*To his group.*) Medina Sidonia has forty thousand tons against our thirty. Three thousand guns against our eight hundred. Thirty thousand men against our fifteen !—

RALEIGH. And hundreds of those disabled by sickness and ill-feeding.

FROBISHER. And disheartened. Summoned and disbanded—summoned and disbanded.

HOWARD. Well ! England is greatest when she stands alone, with all the odds against her !

POTTER. (*To his group.*) What does Lord Burghley say ? I s'pose you'll grant he's somebody ? He says the ships are ready, the men are ready, and the Spaniards have no thought of fighting.

RALEIGH. (*In the other group.*) I say, fight them in the open seas. This waiting is the very devil.

HOWARD. If we knew where they were ! But where, in heaven's name, are they ?

POTTER. (*In his group.*) Disperse the ships ; disband the men ; receive the Spaniards peaceably ; and 'twill be good for trade.

COURTENAY. What ! Will you have the Spanish Standard flying here on Plymouth Hoe ?

POTTER. Gah ! One flag or another ! They're only coloured rags !

MAYOR. My gorge rises at him ! (*Crosses to Hawkins.*) Good day to you, Mr. Hawkins. Can you give us good counsel ?

HAWKINS. Serve God daily ; love one another ; preserve your victuals ; beware of fire ; and keep good company.

(*Enter Sir Francis Drake and Dame Elizabeth Drake, with Sir George and Dame Sydenham.*)

SIR GEORGE. You've done a great work, son-in-law. I say a great work! And Plymouth is proud of you! You put a new compass on the Hoe! You brought water into the town!

COURTENAY. Ay! He just walked and whistled, and the water came running after him.

DAME SYDENHAM. Don't forget the beautiful scarlet gowns he gave the Corporation!

SIR GEORGE. I was coming to them. These are the things that will hand your name down to posterity.

TOM. (*Coming to Drake.*) Sir Francis——

DRAKE. Ah!—friend Tom!—(*Takes him apart.*) Well?

TOM. Ill. Some o' they white-livered land-rats be talkin' up treason. Ay, and even the captains are worritted.

DRAKE. And no wonder. We're in a parlous state, Tom. For now we're locked in, and the wind's contrary, and if the Armada surprise us, we shall be as helpless as a bear tied to a stake and baited by dogs.

TOM. Lord Howard's at his wits' ends!

DRAKE. So am I, Tom. But we mustn't show it. (*Tom moves away.*)

ELIZABETH. What will you do, Francis?

DRAKE. I'll be hanged if I know, sweetheart. But to-night I must go on board the *Revenge* and muster my men. Another parting, Bess!

ELIZABETH. I tremble for thee so on shore, I am almost glad to know thee on sea!

DRAKE. Still afraid of John Doughty? The poor wretch sits fast in prison for his attempt.

ELIZABETH. They say he has been released.

DRAKE. But he will have learnt manners. Bess, put on a merrier face, lest these good folk think I tell thee ill tidings.

HOWARD. In good time, Sir Francis ! And your fair lady ! Mars and Venus, then !

ELIZABETH. (*Laughing.*) No, no, my lord !

HAWKINS. What do you counsel, Coz ?

DRAKE. Whistle for a wind, Coz !

HOWARD. I protest before God, I would I had not a foot of land in England, so that the wind would serve.

FROBISHER. The cits harass us with questions. The spirit has gone out of them.

DRAKE. Ay !—I see.—My old friend Potter's at his tricks ! (*To Potter.*) Well, friend ? Burning with love of country as ever ? (*All laugh.*)

POTTER. I speak as I think, Sir Francis.

DRAKE. As you think you think. You must know, sirs, our friend is a true British bull-dog, and must ever growl over his own bone. To hear him you'd say England's sailors were old hens, her soldiers fledglings, and her cause ever the wrong cause. You'd say dry-rot had weakened her sinews and warped her conscience ; you'd say if Potter had her keys in his keeping he'd hand them to the enemy on a golden platter and thank him kindly for wiping his boots on his cloak. But let the enemy show his nose—and he,—yes, you, Potter !—will be the first to unhook his gun and offer his life. I know Potter, and I know all my Plymouth men. I know that if we were beaten off the seas and the enemy landed, the Tailor would take his shears, the Cobbler his awl, the Baker his shovel, the Smith his hammer, the Butcher his hatchet, and give a good account of the foe. Every house would spit fire, and when the men had finished, the women would begin. (*Cheers.*) Marry, my masters, with such a spirit moving us all, what have we to fear ? (*Cheers.*) Moreover, the Spaniard's not in sight. For all we know, Leviathan hath made a meal of him ! (*Laughter.*) Let's put black thoughts

out of our mind. The sun's shining, and the turf's level. My lord Howard—Sir Walter—I'll match you at bowls! Come, sirs! Spain shall be the jack, and we'll see who'll give it the closest rub!

*(Cheers and laughter. A space is cleared.)*

TOM. *(Bringing bowls to Howard.)* Choose your woods, my lord!

MAYOR. *(To Drake, offering his bowls.)* Take mine, Sir Francis.

DRAKE. Ay, Mr. Mayor. They'll have the true bias.

HOWARD. Dame Drake, will you cast the jack?

ELIZABETH. *(Throwing the small ball.)* So, then!—Towards Spain—for luck!

*(The men play. All watch with keen interest.)*

HOWARD. *(Shouting after his bowl.)* Rub! Rub!

MENHENNICK. *(As Raleigh is about to play.)* Now, Sir Walter! Now! Fetch a compass!

*(Raleigh casts wide. The Crowd groan.)*

RALEIGH. *(Laughing.)* Odds my life! A straight cast needs a swivel eye!

CRIES. *(As Drake is about to play.)* Drake!—Watch Drake!—Knock him, Sir Francis!—Cut him out!

*(Just as Drake is about to cast, a wild, breathless, dishevelled Mariner rushes in. It is Fleming.)*

FLEMING. *(Shouting.)* Sir Francis Drake! Sir Francis Drake!

DRAKE. Now thirty thousand plagues take thee, whoever thou be!—What! Nicholas Fleming!

CRIES. Fleming the pirate!—Fleming the deserter!—Fleming the outlaw!—Death!

DRAKE. *(Protecting Fleming.)* Not so fast! He hath some purpose!

FLEMING. *(Panting for breath.)* The—the—Spaniards are upon us!

ALL. (*In wild confusion.*) The Spaniards !—The Armada !  
—They're in the Sound ! They're at our gates !

DRAKE. Peace ! Peace !—Hi, there ! See you touch not  
the jack or the woods !—Now, rascal ?

FLEMING. I was hove-to off the Scillys—

DRAKE. Waiting to pounce on a mouse—pirate !

FLEMING. (*With a grin.*) As you waited for the *San Felipe*, Sir Francis—

DRAKE. (*Laughing.*) Forward with thy tale !

FLEMING. And the look-out cried : ' Sail to starboard ! ' and ' Sail to larboard ! ' and ' Sail ahead ! '—and up they came, a great half-moon—the horns showed first, and then the middle—a hundred and forty sail—seven miles across !

(*Great excitement.*)

HOWARD. Up !—Up !—Make ready !

DRAKE. Wait. (*To Fleming.*) Were they sailing fast or slow ?

FLEMING. Slow.

DRAKE. Did they spy thee ?

FLEMING. No. I was off like an arrow, ere they got fairly over the edge of the sea.

FENNER. How do we know the fellow speaks truth ?

ELIZABETH. O sirs ! He's outlawed. He hath risked his life to bring the tidings !

DRAKE. Well said, Bess ! (*To Sir George.*) Sir George, you're a Justice of the Peace—

SIR GEORGE. Nicholas Fleming—I will cause the outlawry to be lifted from thee—but thou and thy men shall serve the Queen.

FLEMING. That's what I'm here for !

HOWARD. (*Impatiently.*) But now, Sir Francis ?

DRAKE. Mr. Mayor, send runners. Let the beacons blaze to-night. Start a girdle of fire about all England. (*The Mayor sends Boys off. To Howard.*) My lord, at sundown

the wind will turn. Then I'll pilot you out of the harbour.

HOWARD. But—in the meanwhile——?

DRAKE. (*Coolly.*) In the meanwhile, my lord, let us finish our game.

(*Consternation.* 'Is he crazy?')

DRAKE. Come, my wood! I'll have my cast over again. There 's time to finish the game and beat the Spaniards too!

(*As he is about to cast, the curtain closes for a moment.*

*When they open, it is night. Beacons are lighted on all the heights. The stage is empty.*)

A VOICE. (*The speaker is unseen.*) Who goes there?

ANOTHER. (*As above.*) A friend.

1ST VOICE. The word?

2ND VOICE. England is watching.

1ST VOICE. Pass, friend!

CURTAIN.

## YOU NEVER CAN TELL

(GEORGE BERNARD SHAW)

### CHARACTERS

MR. VALENTINE, *a dentist*

PHILIP CLANDON, *son of Mrs. Clandon*

MRS. CLANDON

DOROTHY CLANDON } *daughters of*  
GLORIA CLANDON } *Mrs. Clandon*

MR. CRAMPTON

PARLOURMAID

NOTE.—Valentine, a dentist, has just extracted a tooth for Miss Dorothy Clandon, and has been invited by her to lunch with her family, which consists of her mother, her sister Gloria, her brother Philip, and herself. The young dentist is called away to see his landlord, who is paying him a professional visit. Valentine fears that the interview may prove to be unpleasant, as he owes six weeks' rent, so he leaves the Clандons with considerable misgiving.



## SCENE

*In a dentist's operating room on a fine August morning.*

VALENTINE *returns.*

VALENTINE. I hope I've not kept you waiting. That landlord of mine is really an extraordinary old character.

DOLLY. (*Eagerly.*) Oh, tell us. How long has he given you to pay?

MRS. CLANDON. (*Distracted by her child's manners.*) Dolly, Dolly, Dolly dear! You must not ask questions.

DOLLY. (*Demurely.*) So sorry. You'll tell us, won't you, Mr. Valentine?

VALENTINE. He doesn't want his rent at all. He's broken his tooth on a Brazil nut; and he wants me to look at it and to lunch with him afterwards.

DOLLY. Then have him up and pull his tooth out at once; and we'll bring him to lunch too. Tell the maid to fetch him along. (*She runs to the bell and rings it vigorously. Then, with a sudden doubt, she turns to Valentine and adds.*) I suppose he's respectable—really respectable?

VALENTINE. Perfectly. Not like me.

DOLLY. Honest Injun? (*Mrs. Clandon gasps faintly; but her powers of remonstrance are exhausted.*)

VALENTINE. Honest Injun!

DOLLY. Then off with you and bring him up.

VALENTINE. (*Looking dubiously at Mrs. Clandon.*) I dare say he'd be delighted if—er——?

MRS. CLANDON. (*Rising and looking at her watch.*) I shall be happy to see your friend at lunch if you can persuade him to come; but I can't wait to see him now: I have an appointment at the hotel at a quarter to one with an old friend whom I have not seen since I left England eighteen years ago. Will you excuse me?

VALENTINE. Certainly, Mrs. Clandon.

GLORIA. Shall I come?

MRS. CLANDON. No, dear. I want to be alone. (*She goes out, evidently still a good deal troubled. Valentine opens the door for her and follows her.*)

PHILIP. (*Significantly to Dolly.*) Hmhm!

DOLLY. (*Significantly to Philip.*) Ahah! (*The Parlour-maid answers the bell.*)

DOLLY. Show the old gentleman up.

THE PARLOURMAID. (*Puzzled.*) Madam?

DOLLY. The old gentleman with the toothache.

PHILIP. The landlord.

THE PARLOURMAID. Mr. Crampton, sir?

PHILIP. Is his name Crampton?

DOLLY. (*To Philip.*) Sounds rheumatically, doesn't it?

PHILIP. Chalkstones, probably.

DOLLY. (*Over her shoulder, to the Parlourmaid.*) Show Mr. Crampstones up.

THE PARLOURMAID. (*Correcting her.*) Mr. Crampton, miss. (*She goes.*)

DOLLY. (*Repeating it to herself like a lesson.*) Crampton, Crampton, Crampton, Crampton, Crampton. (*She sits down studiously at the writing-table.*) I must get that name right, or Heaven knows what I shall call him.

PHILIP. Sh! Attention. (*They put on their best manners. Philip adds in a lower voice to Gloria.*) If he's good enough for the lunch, I'll nod to Dolly; and if she nods to you, invite him straight away.

(*Valentine comes back with his landlord. Mr. Fergus Crampton is a man of about sixty, tall, hard, and stringy, with an atrociously obstinate, ill-tempered, grasping mouth, and a querulously dogmatic voice. Withal he is highly nervous and sensitive, judging by his thin transparent skin and his slender fingers. He has taken a fancy to Valentine, who cares nothing for his crossness of grain, and treats him with a disrespectful humanity for which he is secretly grateful.*)

VALENTINE. May I introduce—this is Mr. Crampton—Miss Dorothy Clandon, Mr. Philip Clandon, Miss Clandon. (*Crampton stands nervously bowing. They all bow.*) Sit down, Mr. Crampton.

DOLLY. (*Pointing to the operating chair.*) That is the most comfortable chair, Mr. Ch—crampton.

CRAMPTON. Thank you ; but won't this young lady—— ? (*Indicating Gloria, who is close to the chair.*)

GLORIA. Thank you, Mr. Crampton, we are just going.

VALENTINE. (*Bustling him across to the chair with good-humoured peremptoriness.*) Sit down, sit down. You're tired.

CRAMPTON. Well, perhaps as I am considerably the oldest person present, I—— (*He finishes the sentence by sitting down a little rheumatically in the operating chair. Meanwhile Philip, having studied him critically during his passage across the room, nods to Dolly ; and Dolly nods to Gloria.*)

GLORIA. Mr. Crampton, we understand that we are preventing Mr. Valentine from lunching with you by taking him away ourselves. My mother would be very glad indeed if you would come too.

CRAMPTON. (*Gratefully, after looking at her earnestly for a moment.*) Thank you. I will come with pleasure.

GLORIA.	} ( <i>Politely murmuring.</i> )	{ Thank you very much—er——
DOLLY.		{ So glad—er——
PHILIP.		{ Delighted, I'm sure—er——

(*The conversation drops. Gloria and Dolly look at one another ; then at Valentine and Philip. Valentine and Philip, unequal to the occasion, look away from them at one another, and are instantly so disconcerted by catching one another's eye, that they look back again and catch the eyes of Gloria and Dolly. Thus, catching one another all round, they all look at nothing, and are quite at a loss. Crampton looks about him, waiting for them to begin. The silence becomes unbearable.*)

DOLLY. (*Suddenly, to keep things going.*) How old are you, Mr. Crampton?

GLORIA. (*Hastily.*) I am afraid we must be going, Mr. Valentine. It is understood, then, that we meet at half-past one. (*She makes for the door. Philip goes with her. Valentine retreats to the bell.*)

VALENTINE. Half-past one. (*He rings the bell.*) Many thanks. (*He follows Gloria and Philip to the door, and goes out with them.*)

DOLLY. (*Who has meanwhile stolen across to Crampton.*) Make him give you gas. It 's five shillings extra ; but it 's worth it.

CRAMPTON. (*Amused.*) Very well. (*Looking more earnestly at her.*) So you want to know my age, do you ? I'm fifty-seven.

DOLLY. (*With conviction.*) You look it.

CRAMPTON. (*Grimly.*) I dare say I do.

DOLLY. What are you looking at me so hard for ? Anything wrong ? (*She feels whether her hat is right.*)

CRAMPTON. You're like somebody.

DOLLY. Who ?

CRAMPTON. Well, you have a curious look of my mother.

DOLLY. (*Incredulously.*) Your mother !!! Quite sure you don't mean your daughter ?

CRAMPTON. (*Suddenly blackening with hate.*) Yes : I'm quite sure I don't mean my daughter.

DOLLY. (*Sympathetically.*) Tooth bad ?

CRAMPTON. No, no ; nothing. A twinge of memory, Miss Clandon, not of toothache.

DOLLY. Have it out. ' Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ' : with gas, five shillings extra.

CRAMPTON. (*Vindictively.*) No, not a sorrow. An injury that was done me once : that 's all. I don't forget injuries ; and I don't want to forget them. (*His features settle into an implacable frown.*)

DOLLY. (*Looking critically at Crampton's expression.*) I don't think we shall like you when you are brooding over your injuries.

PHILIP. (*Who has entered the room unobserved, and stolen behind her.*) My sister means well, Mr. Crampton ; but she is indiscreet. Now, Dolly, outside ! (*He takes her towards the door.*)

DOLLY. (*In a perfectly audible undertone.*) He says he 's only fifty-seven ; and he thinks me the image of his mother ; and he hates his daughter ; and——(*She is interrupted by the return of Valentine.*)

VALENTINE. Miss Clandon has gone on.

PHILIP. Don't forget half-past one.

DOLLY. Mind you leave Mr. Crampton enough teeth to eat with. (*They go out. Valentine comes down to his cabinet, and opens it.*)

CRAMPTON. That 's a spoiled child, Mr. Valentine. That 's one of your modern products. When I was her age, I had many a good hiding fresh in my memory to teach me manners.

VALENTINE. (*Taking up his dental mirror and probe from the shelf in front of his cabinet.*) What did you think of her sister ?

CRAMPTON. You liked her better, eh ?

VALENTINE. (*Rhapsodically.*) She struck me as being——

(*He checks himself, and adds, prosaically.*) However, that 's not business. (*He places himself behind Crampton's right shoulder and assumes his professional tone.*) Open, please. (*Crampton opens his mouth. Valentine puts the mirror in, and examines his teeth.*) Hm ! You have broken that one. What a pity to spoil such a splendid set of teeth ! Why do you crack nuts with them ? (*He withdraws the mirror, and comes forward to converse with Crampton.*)

CRAMPTON. I've always cracked nuts with them : what else are they for ? (*Dogmatically.*) The proper way to keep



teeth good is to give them plenty of use on bones and nuts, and wash them every day with soap—plain yellow soap.

VALENTINE. Soap ! Why soap ?

CRAMPTON. I began using it as a boy because I was made to ; and I've used it ever since. And I never had toothache in my life.

VALENTINE. Don't you find it rather nasty ?

CRAMPTON. I found that most things that were good for me were nasty. But I was taught to put up with them, and made to put up with them. I'm used to it now ; in fact, I like the taste when the soap is really good.

VALENTINE. (*Making a wry face in spite of himself.*) You seem to have been very carefully educated, Mr. Crampton.

CRAMPTON. (*Grimly.*) I wasn't spoiled, at all events.

VALENTINE. (*Smiling a little to himself.*) Are you quite sure ?

CRAMPTON. What d'y' mean ?

VALENTINE. Well, your teeth are good, I admit. But I've seen just as good in very self-indulgent mouths. (*He goes to the ledge of cabinet and changes the probe for another one.*)

CRAMPTON. It's not the effect on the teeth : it's the effect on the character.

VALENTINE. (*Placably.*) Oh ! the character ! I see. (*He recommences operations.*) A little wider, please. Hm ! That one will have to come out : it's past saving. (*He withdraws the probe and again comes to the side of the chair to converse.*) Don't be alarmed : you shan't feel anything I'll give you gas.

CRAMPTON. Rubbish, man : I want none of your gas. Out with it ! People were taught to bear necessary pain in my day.

VALENTINE. Oh, if you like being hurt, all right. I'll hurt you as much as you like, without any extra charge, for the beneficial effect on your character.



CRAMPTON. (*Rising and glaring at him.*) Young man, you owe me six weeks' rent.

VALENTINE. I do.

CRAMPTON. Can you pay me ?

VALENTINE. No.

CRAMPTON. (*Satisfied with his advantage.*) I thought not. How soon d'y' think you'll be able to pay me if you have no better manners than to make game of your patients ? (*He sits down again.*)

VALENTINE. My good sir, my patients haven't all formed their characters on kitchen soap.

CRAMPTON. (*Suddenly gripping him by the arm as he turns away again to the cabinet.*) So much the worse for them ! I tell you, you don't understand my character. If I could spare all my teeth, I'd make you pull them out one after another to show you what a properly hardened man can go through with when he's made up his mind to it. (*He nods at Valentine to emphasize this declaration, and releases him.*)

VALENTINE. (*His careless pleasantry quite unruffled.*) And you want to be more hardened, do you ?

CRAMPTON. Yes.

VALENTINE. (*Strolling away to the bell.*) Well, you're quite hard enough for me already—as a landlord. (*Crampton receives this with a growl of grim humour. Valentine rings the bell, and remarks in a cheerful, casual way, whilst waiting for it to be answered.*) Why did you never get married, Mr. Crampton ? A wife and children would have taken some of the hardness out of you.

CRAMPTON. (*With unexpected ferocity.*) What is that to you ? (*The Parlourmaid appears at the door.*)

VALENTINE. (*Politely.*) Some warm water, please. (*She retires ; and Valentine comes back to the cabinet, not at all put out by Crampton's rudeness, and carries on the conversation whilst he selects a forceps and places it ready to his hand*

*with a gag and a drinking glass.*) You were asking me what that was to me. Well, I have an idea of getting married myself.

CRAMPTON. (*With grumbling irony.*) Naturally, sir, naturally. When a young man has come to his last farthing, and is within twenty-four hours of having his furniture distrained upon by his landlord, he marries. I've noticed that before. Well, marry ; and be miserable.

VALENTINE. Oh come ! what do you know about it ?

CRAMPTON. I'm not a bachelor.

VALENTINE. Then there is a Mrs. Crampton ?

CRAMPTON. (*Wincing with a pang of resentment.*) Yes !

VALENTINE. (*Unperturbed.*) Hm ! A father, too, perhaps, as well as a husband, Mr. Crampton ?

CRAMPTON. Three children.

(*The Parlourmaid brings in a jug of hot water.*)

VALENTINE. Thank you. (*He takes the jug from her, and brings it to the cabinet, continuing in the same idle strain.*) I really should like to know your family, Mr. Crampton. (*The Parlourmaid goes out ; and he pours some hot water into the drinking-glass.*)

CRAMPTON. Sorry I can't introduce you, sir. I'm happy to say that I don't know where they are, and don't care so long as they keep out of my way. (*Valentine stoops to arrange the gas pump and cylinder beside the chair.*) What 's that heavy thing ?

VALENTINE. Oh, never mind. Something to put my foot on, to get the necessary purchase for a good pull. (*Crampton looks alarmed in spite of himself. Valentine stands upright and places the glass with the forceps ready to his hand, chatting on with provoking indifference.*) And so you advise me not to get married, Mr. Crampton ? (*He stoops to fit the crank on the apparatus by which the chair is raised and lowered.*)

CRAMPTON. (*Irritably.*) I advise you to get my tooth

out and have done reminding me of my wife. Come along, man. (*He grips the arms of the chair and braces himself.*)

VALENTINE. (*Pausing, with his hand on the crank, to look up at him and say.*) What do you bet that I don't get that tooth out without your feeling it?

CRAMPTON. Your six weeks' rent, young man. Don't you gammon me.

VALENTINE. (*Jumping at the bet and winding him aloft vigorously.*) Done! Are you ready? (*Crampton, who has lost his grip of the chair in his alarm at its sudden ascent, folds his arms, sits stiffly upright, and prepares for the worst. Valentine suddenly lets down the back of the chair to an obtuse angle.*)

CRAMPTON. (*Clutching at the arms of the chair as he falls back.*) P! take care, man! I'm quite helpless in this pos——

VALENTINE. (*Defly stopping him with the gag, and snatching up the mouthpiece of the gas machine.*) You'll be more helpless presently. (*He presses the mouthpiece over Crampton's mouth and nose, leaning over his chest so as to hold his head and shoulders well down on the chair. Crampton makes an inarticulate sound in the mouthpiece and tries to lay hands on Valentine, whom he supposes to be in front of him. After a moment his arms wave aimlessly, then subside and drop. He is quite insensible. Valentine, with an exclamation of somewhat pre-occupied triumph, throws aside the mouthpiece quickly; picks the forceps adroitly from the glass; and—the curtain falls.*)

THE BOGIE MEN<sup>1</sup>

(LADY GREGORY)

## CHARACTERS

TAIG O'HARRAGHA	} <i>Both Chimney</i>
DARBY MELODY	
	} <i>Sweeps</i>

## SCENE

*A Shed near where a coach stops. DARBY comes in. Has a tin can of water in one hand, a sweep's bag and brush in the other. He lays down bag on an empty box and puts can on the floor. Is taking a showy suit of clothes out of bag and admiring them and is about to put them on when he hears some one coming and hurriedly puts them back into the bag.*

TAIG. (*At door.*) God save all here !

DARBY. God save you. A sweep is it ? (*Suspiciously.*)  
What brought you following me ?

TAIG. Why wouldn't I be a sweep as good as yourself ?

DARBY. It is not one of my own trade I came looking to meet with. It is a shelter I was searching out, where I could put on a decent appearance, rinsing my head and my features in a tin can of water.

TAIG. Is it long till the coach will be passing by the cross-road beyond ?

DARBY. Within about a half an hour they were telling me.

TAIG. There does be much people travelling to this place ?

DARBY. I suppose there might, and it being the high-road from the town of Ennis.

TAIG. It should be in this town you follow your trade ?

DARBY. It is not in the towns I do be.

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Lady Gregory.

TAIG. There 's nothing but the towns, since the farmers' in the country clear out their own chimneys with a bush under and a bush overhead.

DARBY. I travel only gentlemen's houses.

TAIG. There does be more of company in the streets than you'd find on the bare road.

DARBY. It isn't easy get company for a person has but two empty hands.

TAIG. Wealth to be in the family it is all one nearly with having a grip of it in your own palm.

DARBY. I wish to the Lord it was the one thing.

TAIG. You to know what I know—

DARBY. What is it that you know ?

TAIG. It is dealing out cards through the night time I will be from this out, and making bets on racehorses and fighting-cocks through all the hours of the day.

DARBY. I would sooner to be sleeping in feathers and to do no hand's turn at all, day or night.

TAIG. If I came paddling along through every place this day and the road hard under my feet, it is likely I will have my choice way leaving it.

DARBY. How is that now ?

TAIG. A horse maybe and a car or two horses, or maybe to go in the coach, and I myself sitting alongside the man came in it.

DARBY. Is it that he is taking you into his service ?

TAIG. Not at all ! And I being of his own family and his blood.

DARBY. Of his blood now ?

TAIG. A relation I have, that is full up of money and of every whole thing.

DARBY. A relation ?

TAIG. A first cousin, by the side of the mother.

DARBY. Well, I am not without having a first cousin of my own.



TAIG. I wouldn't think he'd be much. To be listening to my mother giving out a report of my one's ways, you would maybe believe it is no empty skin of a man he is.

DARBY. My own mother was not without giving out a report of my man's ways.

TAIG. Did she see him ?

DARBY. She did, I suppose, or the thing was near him. She never was tired talking of him.

TAIG. It is often my own mother would have Dermot pictured to myself.

DARBY. It is often the likeness of Timothy was laid down to me by the teaching of my mother's mouth, since I was able to walk the floor. She thought the whole world of him.

TAIG. A bright scholar she laid Dermot down to be. A good doing fellow for himself. A man would be well able to go up to his promise.

DARBY. That is the same account used to be given out of Timothy.

TAIG. To some trade of merchandise it is likely Dermot was reared. A good living man that was never any cost on his mother.

DARBY. To own an estate before he would go far in age Timothy was on the road.

TAIG. To have the handling of silks and jewelleries and to be free of them, and of suits and the making of suits, that is the way with the big merchants of the world.

DARBY. It is letting out his land to grass farmers a man owning acres does be making his profit.

TAIG. A queer thing you to be the way you are, and he to be an upstanding gentleman.

DARBY. It is the way I went down ; my mother used to be faulting me and I not being the equal of him. Tormenting and picking at me and shouting me on the road.



'You thraneen,' she'd say, 'you little trifle of a son! You stumbling over the threshold as if in slumber, and Timothy being as swift as a bee!'

TAIG. So my own mother used to be going on at myself, and be letting out shrieks and screeches. 'What now would your cousin Dermot be saying?' every time there would come a new rent in my rags.

DARBY. 'Little he'd think of you,' she'd say; 'you without body and puny, not fit to lift scraws from off the field, and Timothy bringing in profit to his mother's hand, and earning prizes and rewards.'

TAIG. The time it would fail me to follow my book or to say off my A, B, ab, to draw Dermot down on me she would. 'Before he was up to your age,' she would lay down, 'he was fitted to say off Catechisms and to read newses. You have no more intellect beside him', she'd say, 'than a chicken has its head yet in the shell.'

DARBY. 'Let you hold up the same as Timothy,' she'd give out, and I to stoop my shoulders the time the sun would prey upon my head. 'He that is as straight and as clean as a green rush on the brink of the bog.'

TAIG. 'It is you will be fit but to blow the bellows,' my mother would say, 'the time Dermot will be forging gold.' I let on the book to have gone astray on me at the last. Why would I go crush and bruise myself under a weight of learning, and there being one in the family well able to take my cost and my support whatever way it might go? Dermot that would feel my keep no more than the lake would feel the weight of the duck.

DARBY. I seen no use to be going sweating after farmers, striving to plough or to scatter seed, when I never could come anear Timothy in any sort of a way, and he, by what she was saying, able to thrash out a rick of oats in the day. So it fell out I was thrown on the ways of the world, having no skill in any trade, till there came a demand

for me going aloft in chimneys, I being as thin as a needle and shrunken with weakness and want of food.

TAIG. I got my living for a while by miracle and trafficking in rabbit skins, till a sweep from Limerick bound me to himself one time I was skinned with the winter. Great cruelty he gave me till I ran from him with the brush and the bag, and went foraging around for myself.

DARBY. So am I going around by myself. I never had a comrade lad.

TAIG. My mother that would hit me a crack if I made free with any of the chaps of the village, saying that would not serve me with Dermot, that had a good top-coat and was brought up to manners and behaviour.

DARBY. My own mother that drew down Timothy on me the time she'd catch me going with the lads that had their pleasure out of the world, slashing tops and pebbles, throwing and going on with games.

TAIG. I took my own way after, fitting myself for sports and funning, against the time the rich man would stretch out his hand. Going with wild lads and poachers I was, till they left me carrying their snares in under my coat, that I was lodged for three months in the gaol.

DARBY. The neighbours had it against me after, I not being friendly when we were small. The most time I am going the road it is a lonesome shadow I cast before me.

TAIG. (*Looking out of the door.*) It is on this day I will be making acquaintance with himself. My mother that sent him a request to come meet me in this town on this day, it being the first of the summer.

DARBY. My own mother that did no less, telling me she got word from Timothy he would come meet here with myself. It is certain he will bring me into his house, she having wedded secondly with a labouring man has got a job at Golden Hill in Lancashire. I would not recognize him beyond any other one.

TAIG. I would recognize the signs of a big man. I wish I was within in his kitchen. There is a pinch of hunger within in my heart.

DARBY. So there is within in myself.

TAIG. Is there nothing at all in the bag ?

DARBY. It is a bit of a salted herring.

TAIG. Why wouldn't you use it ?

DARBY. I would be delicate coming before him and the smell of it to be on me, and all the grand meats will be at his table.

TAIG. (*Showing a bottle.*) The full of a pint I have of porter, that fell from a tinker's car.

DARBY. I wonder you would not swallow it down for to keep courage in your mind.

TAIG. It is what I am thinking, I to take it fasting, it might put confusion and wildness in my head. I would wish, and I meeting with him, my wits to be of the one clearness with his own. It is not long to be waiting ; it is in claret I will be quenching my thirst to-night, or in punch !

DARBY. (*Looking out.*) I am nearly in dread meeting Timothy, fearing I will not be pleasing to him, and I not acquainted with his habits.

TAIG. I would not be afeard, and Dermot to come sparkling in, and seven horses in his coach.

DARBY. What way can I come before him at all ? I would be better pleased you to personate me and to stand up to him in my place.

TAIG. Any person to put orders on me, or to bid me change my habits, I'd give no heed ! I'd stand up to him in the spite of his teeth.

DARBY. If it wasn't for the hearthfires to be slackened with the springtime, and my work to be lessened with the strengthening of the sun, I'd sooner not see him till another moon is passed, or two moons.

TAIG. He to bid me read out the news of the world, taking me to be a scholar, I'd give him words that are in no books ! I'd give him newses ! I'd knock rights out of him or any one I ever seen.

DARBY. I could speak only of my trade. The boundaries of the world to be between us, I'm thinking I'd never ask to go cross them at all.

TAIG. He to go into Court swearing witnesses and to bring me along with him to face the judges and the whole troop of the police, I'd go bail I'll be no way daunted or scared.

DARBY. What way can I keep company with him ? I that was partly reared in the workhouse. And he having a star on his hat and a golden apple in his hand. He will maybe be bidding me to scour myself with soapy water all the Sundays and Holy days of the year ! I tell you I am getting lowhearted. I pray to the Lord to forgive me where I did not go under the schoolmaster's rod !

TAIG. I that will shape crampy words the same as any scholar at all ! I'll let on to be a master of learning and of Latin.

DARBY. Ah, what letting on ? It is Timothy will look through me the same as if my eyes were windows, and my thoughts standing as plain as cattle under the risen sun ! It is easier letting on to have knowledge than to put on manners and behaviour.

TAIG. Ah, what 's manners but to refuse no man a share of your bite and to keep back your hand from throwing stones ?

DARBY. I tell you I'm in shivers ! My heart that is shaking like an ivy leaf ! My bones that are loosened and slackened in the similitude of a rope of tow ! I'd sooner meet with a lion of the wilderness or the wickedest wind of the hills ! I thought it never would come to pass. I'd sooner go into the pettiest house, the wildest home and

the worst ! Look at here now. Let me stop along with yourself. I never let out so much of my heart to any one at all till this day. It 's a pity we should be parted !

TAIG. Is it to come following after me you would, before the face of Dermot ?

DARBY. I'd feel no dread and you being at my side.

TAIG. Dermot to see me in company with the like of you ! I wouldn't for the whole world he should be aware I had ever any traffic with chimneys or with soot. It would not be for his honour you to draw anear him !

DARBY. (*Indignantly.*) No but Timothy that would make objection to yourself ! He that would whip the world for manners and behaviour !

TAIG. Dermot that is better again. He that would write and dictate to you at the one time !

DARBY. What is that beside owning tillage, and to need no education, but to take rents into your hand ?

TAIG. I would never believe him to own an estate.

DARBY. Why wouldn't he own it ? ' The biggest thing and the grandest ', my mother would say when I would ask her what was he doing.

TAIG. Ah, what could be before selling out silks and satins ? There is many an estated lord couldn't reach you out a fourpenny bit.

DARBY. The grandest house around the seas of Ireland he should have, beautifully made up ! You would nearly go astray in it ! It wouldn't be known what you could make of it at all ! You wouldn't have it walked in a month !

TAIG. What is that beside having a range of shops as wide maybe as the street beyond ?

DARBY. A house would be the capital of the county ! One door for the rich, one door for the common ! Velvet carpets rolled up, the way there would no dust from the chimney fall upon them. A hundred wouldn't be many standing in a corner of that place ! A high bed of feathers,



curled hair mattresses. A cover laid on it would be flowery with blossoms of gold !

TAIG. Muslin and gauze, cambric and linen ! Canton crossbar ! Glass windows full up of ribbons as gaudy as the crooked bow in the sky ! Sovereigns and shillings in and out as plenty as to riddle rape seed. Sure them that do be selling in shops die leaving millions.

DARBY. Your man is not so good as mine in his office or in his billet.

TAIG. There is the horn of the coach. Get out now till I'll prepare myself. He might chance to come seeking for me here.

DARBY. There 's a lather of sweat on myself. That 's my tin can of water.

TAIG. (*Holding can from him.*) Get out, I tell you ! I wouldn't wish him to feel the smell of you on the breeze.

DARBY. (*Almost crying.*) You are a mean savage to go keeping from me my tin can and my rag.

TAIG. What are you beside me ? (*Taking clothes out of bag and putting them on.*) I have good clothes to put on me, what you haven't got.

DARBY. (*Unpacking his bag.*) So have I good clothes ! (*Putting them on.*) A body coat my mother made out. She lost up to three shillings on it. And a speckled blue cravat !

TAIG. (*Having washed his face is putting on hat. Sings.*)

All round my hat I wore a green ribbon,  
All round my hat for a year and a day ;  
And if any one asks me the reason I wore it,  
I'll say that my true love went over the sea !

DARBY. (*While washing his face, sings.*)

Up on my hat I will put a blue feather  
The same as the birds do be up in the tree ;  
And if you would ask me the reason I do it,  
I'll tell you my true love is come back to me !



(*He looks at reflection in the tin can.*) Well, that 's a lovely picture of a man ! Would you ever say it now to be Dermot Melody ?

TAIG. What 's that you're saying ?

DARBY. Looking I am at my image in the glass.

TAIG. What call have you to go bring down the name of Melody ?

DARBY. Every call. My father's name that was Melody, till he lost his life in the year of the black potatoes.

TAIG. No, but the name it is of my own big man, Funning me you are. Striving to put ridicule on me. Dermot Melody !

DARBY. That is my own full name, but Darby is the name I am called.

TAIG. Humbugging and making a mock of me ! Striving to make out it was my cousin Dermot's lot to go through the world as a sweep ! Casting up my trade against me you would, drawing down on me chimneys and soot !

DARBY. Why wouldn't I call myself by my own name ?

TAIG. Mocking and making sport of me ! That is very bad-acting behaviour.

DARBY. I tell you I am Dermot Melody.

TAIG. (*Seizing and shaking him.*) Are you a man owning riches and shops and merchandise ?

DARBY. I am not, or anything of the sort.

TAIG. Have you teems of money in the bank ?

DARBY. If I had would I be carrying this brush ?

TAIG. You thief you !

DARBY. Thief yourself ! (*Knocks him down.*) Give out now your own ugly name."

TAIG. (*Whimpering.*) Timothy O'Harragha.

DARBY. (*Kicking him.*) Timothy O'Harragha ! Is it that you are personating my mother's sister's son ?

TAIG. I am personating no one but myself.

DARBY. Giving out news you were an estated magistrate

and such a great generation of a man, and you not owning so much as a rood of ridges !

TAIG. No, but you covering yourself with choice clothing for to deceive me and lead me astray ! You that are but the cull and weakling of a race !

DARBY. Putting on your head a fine glossy hat the way I'd think you to have come with the springtide and to have had luck through your life !

TAIG. It 's a queer game you played on me and a crooked game. You surely have a heart of marble. I never would have brought my legs so far to meet with the sooty likes of you !

DARBY. (*Threatening him.*) I'll take no more talk from you, I to be twenty-two degrees lower than the Hottentots ! And you letting on to be my poor Timothy O'Harragha !

TAIG. (*Sheltering himself.*) I never was called but Taig. Timothy was a sort of a Holy-day name.

DARBY. Where now are our two first cousins, or is it that the both of us are cracked ?

TAIG. It is, or our mothers before us.

DARBY. My mother was a McGarrity woman from Loughrea. It is Mary was her Christened name.

TAIG. So was my own mother of the McGarritys. It is sisters they were sure enough.

DARBY. That makes us out to be full cousins in the heel.

TAIG. You no better than myself ! And the prayers I used to be saying for you, and you but a sketch and an excuse of a man !

DARBY. Ah, I am thinking people put more in their prayers than was ever put in them by God.

TAIG. Our mothers picturing us to one another as if we were the best in the world.

DARBY. Lies I suppose they were drawing down, for to startle us into good behaviour.

TAIG. Wouldn't you say now mothers to be a terror ?

DARBY. And we nothing at all after but two chimney sweepers and two harmless drifty lads.

TAIG. Where is the great quality dinner yourself was to give me, having seven sorts of dressed meat? Pullets and bacon I was looking for, and to fall on an easy life.

DARBY. Gone like the clouds of the winter's fog. We rose out of it the same as we went in.

TAIG. We have nothing to do but to starve with the hunger, and you being as bare as myself.

DARBY. We are in a bad shift surely. We must perish with the want of support. It is one of the tricks of the world does be played upon the children of Adam.

TAIG. All we have to do is to crawl to the poor-house gate. Or to go dig a pit in the graveyard, as it is short till we'll be stretched there with the want of food.

DARBY. Food is it? There is nothing at this time against me eating my bit of a herring. (*Seizes it and takes a bite.*)

TAIG. Give me a divide of it.

DARBY. Give me a drop of your own porter so, is in the bottle. There need be no dread on you now, of you being no match for your grand man.

TAIG. That is so. (*Drinks.*) I'll strive no more to fit myself for high quality relations. I am free from patterns of high-up cousins from this out. I'll be a pattern to myself.

DARBY. I am well content being free of you, the way you were pictured to be. I declare to my goodness, the name of you put terror on me through the whole of my lifetime, and your image to be clogging and checking me on every side.

TAIG. To be thinking of you being in the world was a holy terror to myself. I give you my word you came through my sleep the same as a scarecrow or a dragon.

DARBY. It is great things I will be doing from this out,

we two having nothing to cast up against one another. To be quit of Timothy the bogie and to get Taig for a comrade, I'm as proud as the Crown of France!

TAIG. I'm in dread of neither bumble or bagman or bugaboo! I will regulate things from myself from this out.

DARBY. There to be fineness of living in the world, why wouldn't I make it out for myself?

TAIG. It is to the harbours of America we will work our way across the wideness of the sea. It is well able we should be to go mounting up aloft in ropes. Come on, Darby, out of this!

DARBY. There is magic and mastery come into me! This day has put wings to my heart!

TAIG. Be easy now. We are maybe not clear of the chimneys yet.

DARBY. What signifies chimneys? We'll go up in them till we'll take a view of the Seven Stars! It is out beyond the hills of Burren I will cast my eye, till I'll see the three gates of Heaven!

TAIG. It's like enough, luck will flow to you. The way most people fail is in not keeping up the heart. Faith, it's well you have myself to mind you. Gather up now your brush and your bag. *(They go to the door holding each other's hands and singing: 'All in my hat I will cock a blue feather,' &c.)*

CURTAIN.

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES TO HIS HOME <sup>1</sup>(STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses*)

## CHARACTERS

ATHENE

ULYSSES

PENELOPE, *his wife*TELEMACHUS, *his son*EURYCLEIA, *his old nurse*ANTINOUS (*young, insolent, splendid*)EURYMACHUS (*mature, politic, specious*) } Chief Suitors  
CTESIPPUS (*elderly, rich, ridiculous*) } to PenelopeEUMAEUS, *a swineherd*MELANTHO, *a handmaiden*PHEMIUS, *a minstrel**Other SUITORS and HANDMAIDENS*

## SCENE

*Interior of the banqueting-hall in ULYSSES' palace. On a wall hang three spears and three shields, and in another place the bow of ULYSSES in a richly-decorated case. A dais extends along the back of the hall: on this and on the floor to right and left are disposed the tables and couches where the SUITORS are discovered revelling, with the faithless HANDMAIDENS interspersed among them. TELEMACHUS sits at the head of one of the tables. In the centre of the hall is an open space, with a fire burning on the hearth in the midst, and beside it the chairs of PENELOPE and the MINSTREL, the former unoccupied.*

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Mr. John Lane.

*Enter Ulysses, aged by suffering and exposure, in the disguise of a beggar-man. Penelope comes back to her seat at the fire beside which Ulysses crouches. As she approaches him he trembles.*

PENELOPE. Old man, wilt thou deceive me yet again ?  
Be not afraid : there 's nought in me to fear.

ULYSSES. I'll not deceive thee, lady : nearer draw  
And motion all away !

(Penelope signs to all to move away.)

Canst thou endure  
The shaft of sudden joy, yet make no cry ?

PENELOPE. Though I shall fall I'll not cry out : say,  
say.

ULYSSES. Ulysses lives—thou art gone white—be still !  
Grip fast thy chair and look upon the ground—  
And he is very near to thee even now.

PENELOPE. Where, where ?

ULYSSES. This night is he in Ithaca ;  
Perchance even now is rushing to his halls ;  
Might at this moment come in by that door.

PENELOPE. How shall I trust thy tale ? If thou sayest  
true  
Thou ne'er shalt beg again.

ULYSSES. I come from him.

PENELOPE. What is thy name ?

ULYSSES. Idomeneus from Crete.  
He charged me with these tidings—and this ring.

PENELOPE. This would he not have given : O this was  
pulled  
From his dead finger !

ULYSSES. Lady, if I lie,—  
If on this night Ulysses comes not home,—  
Then give me to thy thralls to slay me here.

PENELOPE. Ah ! they will kill him.



ULYSSES. Fear not ; he is wise.  
Only do thou each moment still delay  
Thy answer.

PENELOPE. Yet what plea ?

ULYSSES. Propose to them  
Some simple trial whereby thou mayst choose.

PENELOPE. What, what ?

ULYSSES. The bow : is that Ulysses' bow ?

PENELOPE. Cherished and daily supplied by these  
hands.

ULYSSES. Say thou wilt choose whoe'er shall bend his  
bow.

But still to interpose some brief delay,  
Call you some woman forth to bathe my feet.

PENELOPE. Melantho, bring clear water hither and  
bathe

This old man's feet.

MELANTHO. I ? I'll not touch his feet,  
For I can touch the lips of better men.

ULYSSES. Lady, some woman that hath seen much  
sorrow  
As I have.

PENELOPE. Eurycleia, bathe his feet.

(*Eurycleia brings water in a brazen vessel to Ulysses ;  
as he lifts his robe she sees the scar and drops the  
basin.*)

EURYCLEIA. The scar there.

ULYSSES. Wouldst thou slay me ?  
Hold thy peace.

PENELOPE. What ails thee, Eurycleia ?

EURYCLEIA. O my mistress !  
These old hands tremble even at such a task.

ANTINOUS. (*Advancing.*) Now, lady, now ! This is delay  
enough !

Hast thou at last heard tidings of thy lord ?  
Doth he come home to-night ?

PENELOPE. Alas, alas !

He is drowned, and from his finger, lo ! this ring.

ANTINOUS. Thou'rt satisfied at last ?

SUITORS. Now answer : choose.

PENELOPE. No one of you I like above the rest,  
Yet have I sworn to choose : so I will put  
This matter to a simple trial.

SUITORS. What ?

PENELOPE. See where behind you hangs Ulysses'  
bow.

He that can bend his bow and loose a shaft,  
Him will I take as husband from you all.

*(They rush to take it.)*

SUITORS. The bow !

PENELOPE. *(Staying them.)* My son alone shall reach it  
down,  
After such time shall be the first to touch it.

*(Penelope retires down to watch the trial. Telemachus  
brings down the bow and a sheaf of arrows. Ctesippus  
advances, and after much groaning and panting fails  
to string it.)*

CTESIPPUS. Easily in the morning could I bend it,  
But I have supped !

*(Eurymachus essays to string it and fails.)*

EURYMACHUS. Lady, wilt choose a husband  
For brutish force ? what play hath the mind here ?

*(Antinous fails to string the bow.)*

ANTINOUS. If I can bend it not, no, man can  
bend it.

PENELOPE. *(To Others.)* And will you not essay ? or  
you ?

OTHERS. Not we.

ANOTHER. Where craft and strength have failed what use for us ?

PENELOPE. I will wed no man till he bend that  
bow.

(*Angry murmurs among the Suitors. Lightning flashes ; Ulysses recognizes by the sign that the moment for action has come.*)

ULYSSES. (*Rising.*) Lady, and princes, but to make you sport,

I will essay to bend Ulysses' bow :

(Loud laughter.)

To make you sport—for I have supped full well.

ANTINOUS. Impudent rags ! Thou shalt not vie  
with us.

TELEMACHUS. The beggar shall make trial: come, old man!

CTESIPPUS. The old man ! excellent !

ALL. (*Laughing loudly.*)                      The beggar man !

EURYMACHUS. Come forth, thou wooer lordliest and  
last.

ANTINOUS. Here is a broad mark for thy shaft, old man.

PENELOPE. Ah, mock him not !

ULYSSES.                      Sirs, but to make you sport.

*(He totters towards the bow.)*

Athene, strength ! O if my might should fail me !

(He takes the bow, and after simulated faltering strings it amid the amazed silence of the Suitors. He springs to his height, his rags falling from him and disclosing him armed and in the full glory of manhood. He shoots, killing Antinous, who falls.)

Dogs, do ye know me now ?

PENELOPE. (*Rushing towards him.*) Ulysses !

ULYSSES. Back!

*(The wicked Handmaids fly huddling up the staircase into the women's quarters, Eurycleia pursuing them.)*

SUITORS. *(Amazedly amongst themselves.)* Ulysses ! is it he ? Is it he—Ulysses ?

EURYCLEIA. I have seen the scar ; 'tis he ! O vengeance here !

ULYSSES. Who is for me ? The swords there and the shields !

*(Telemachus and Eumaeus snatch down the weapons, and arming Ulysses and themselves, stand by him.)*

EURYMACHUS. *(Coming over fawningly from among the Suitors towards Ulysses.)* Hero restored,

I'll stand by thee for one !

ULYSSES. *(Striding out and spearing him.)* Would'st fawn on me ? go fawn among the dead.

*(Eurymachus falls. The Suitors, finding no weapons on the walls, crowd waveringly together.)*

CTESIPPUS. *(Encouraging them.)* We are ten to one : crush, crush them by sheer weight.

*(The Suitors make a headlong rush upon Ulysses and his companions, but are stayed in mid rush by thunder, lightning, and supernatural darkness, followed by the apparition of Athene standing by Ulysses.)*

SUITORS. The gods fight for him, fly ! we are undone.

*(Athene and Ulysses with Eumaeus and Telemachus fall on them, and they are driven in fierce brief medley, visible by flashes of lightning, and with noise of groans and falls, out headlong through the door. The darkness lifts, discovering Ulysses standing on the threshold at the upper end of the hall, Athene still at his side. He turns, laying by sword and shield, while Penelope gazes in passionate expectancy toward him from the corner of the hall.)*

ULYSSES. (*Solemnly.*) First unto Zeus and to Athene  
praise !

Go all of you apart, even thou, my son,  
And leave me with Penelope alone.

ATHENE. Thou art come home, Ulysses ! Now farewell !  
For violated laws are here avenged,  
And I, who brought thee through those bitter years,  
Those bitter years which make this moment sweet,  
I, even, in this moment have no share.

(*Athene disappears. Ulysses and Penelope slowly approach each other across the hall, with rapt gaze hesitatingly. Then she is folded to his breast in silence, while the voice of the Minstrel is heard without, and the fire on the hearth, which has burnt low throughout this scene, leaps up into sudden brightness.*)

CURTAIN.

# TYPHOON

(MELCHIOR LENGYEL)

[*Typhoon*, from which this extract is reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., was adapted for the English stage by the late Laurence Irving, who played the principal part when his version was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in April 1913. Mr. Irving and his wife, Miss Mabel Hackney, were lost with the S.S. *Empress of Ireland* in May 1914.]

## CHARACTERS

BEINSKY

DUPONT

TOKERAMO

## SCENE

TOKERAMO'S *flat in Paris*.

BEINSKY. It seems to me it's about time that we Europeans gave up regarding the Japanese as quaint little curiosities, clever little schoolboys, only wanting a nice pat on the head. These gentlemen can very well endure a little plain speaking; yes, and they know how to indulge in it at our expense. Has it ever struck you, Professor, to wonder what is the motive that brings these clever, observant, home-loving people to dwell here amongst us foreigners, in their tens, their twenties, and their thirties—noting, recording, planning, smiling, and saying nothing?



(*Shouting at Dupont, whose back is ostentatiously turned to him.*) I ask you if you've ever wondered what their motive is ?

DUPONT. (*Contemptuously to Beinsky over his shoulder.*) Every one knows it—it is the love of civilization.

BEINSKY. Oh no. They've got all the civilization they want. In fifteen years they picked the brains of their imported European preceptors clean ; and then by way of gratitude sent the poor simpletons packing home again. Oh, yes, they're keen—they're sharp as monkeys and supple as cats.

DUPONT. I protest . . . I introduce you to this circle of eminent foreigners.

BEINSKY. And I say they're clever—the most consummate actors I ever saw. Look at them ! By this time a European would have been shouting, protesting, banging the table ; but there they are, thinking Lord knows what—dumb as fishes.

TOKERAMO. Dear Sir, our high esteem for the Europeans. . . .

BEINSKY. No, no—not high esteem. (*His anger at last dominates him completely.*) There's certainly nothing to esteem about me, and not much about the Professor. And I tell you quite frankly I've no esteem for you at all. Your self-control—well, that's forced on you ; at home you live in little wood and paper houses ; and if you blow your nose it's heard in the next street ; so you've got to be self-controlled. If I must admire a yellow race, then give me China. There's a strong originality about them. They loathe the Europeans, and they make no bones about it ; they don't come purring and rubbing themselves up against us like cats. (*First signs of angry ferment amongst the Japanese.*)

DUPONT. This is too much ! You shall not go on.

BEINSKY. You know how to die for your country—yes. That's a poor kind of job. But you can't look life in the face. Any savage can die for his country and do it just as well.

TOKERAMO. (*Quiet, smiling, almost deferential.*) You do not then care for your country, Monsieur Renard Beinsky?

BEINSKY. That for my country!

TOKERAMO. Then what do you care for? For your own self?

BEINSKY. I'm dead sick of myself! I'm not worth a straw.

TOKERAMO. Ah, then, . . . since you hold such opinion of your country, and even of yourself—how can we expect that you should think better of the Japanese? (*A smile overspreads his countenance, and spreads from his to the group of Japanese.*)

DUPONT. Bravo, bravo!

BEINSKY. Shall I tell you a people I do admire? (Tokeramo, *with a smile*—Oh, please!) The Russians—do you take me?—the Russians! (*Ominous mutterings break through the self-restraint of the Japanese.*) With their sensitiveness, their deep probing scrutiny, with their grim melancholy—why, they simply tower over the Japanese.

(*Japanese press excitedly round Tokeramo, who motions them to keep calm. Beinsky faces them in a challenging attitude.*)

And what's more, I have my doubts about your vaunted heroism; if you'd been so very brave you would have thrown me out long ago.

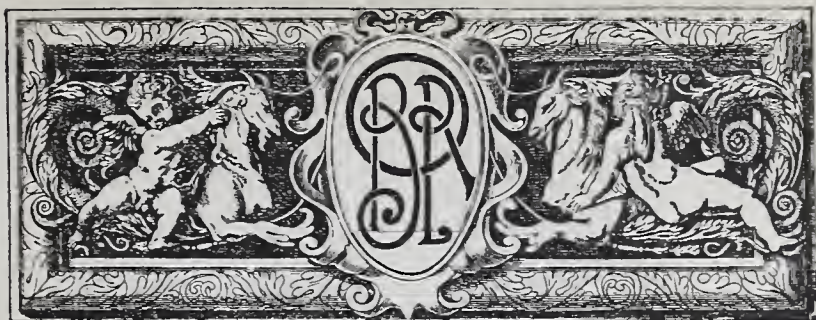
TOKERAMO. But why, when so soon you will be going of your own accord?

(*Beinsky snaps his fingers in Tokeramo's face. One of the Japanese, thinking a blow is being aimed at his leader, leaps forward and by a stroke of ju-jitsu, twists*

Beinsky's arm, causing him to collapse over the writing-desk. Tokeramo in the twinkling of an eye has restrained and replaced his impetuous compatriot, so that in recovering from his momentary shock Beinsky is confronted by the broadly smiling countenance of his imperturbable host.)

BEINSKY. Yes, it's about time I went.

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